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The Literary Digest

FOR JANUARY 16, 1937

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Mail

Run, Robin, Run

Sir:—In the issue of December 26, THE LITERARY DIGEST asks: "Does a robin hop or run?"

From personal observation, I know it does both. When listening for worms, it hops; when it sees a bug or other tempting food, it runs.

Robins also fight, especially when two of them are wooing the same gal. Nor is it a sham battle; it's a struggle to the bitter end—with the lady an apparently disinterested spectator.

(MISS) A. C. BIDWELL.

Hartford, Connecticut.

Questions and answers in the "Radio C tion Box" were taken from actual radio tion-bee programs. Some radio fan s robin run; Miss Bidwell saw one hop ar We would be happy to see one standin the first sign of spring.—*Editor.*

Women Drivers

Sir:—In the article, "Auto A the December 26 issue, appear statement: "Only 6 per cent. dents involve women drive Prof. William J. Cox, of Y

We are not prone to cc ers, as we do not believ

(Continued

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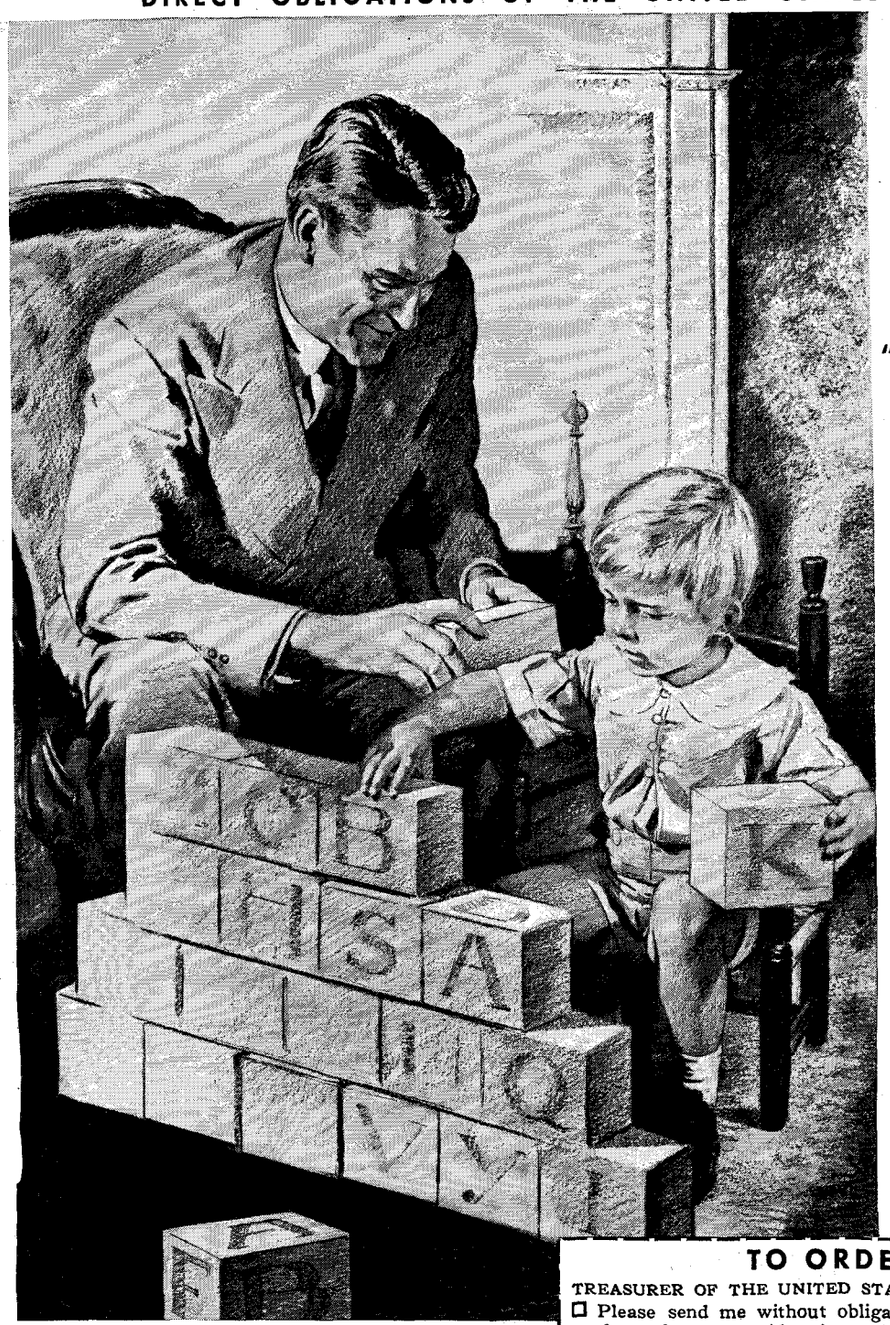

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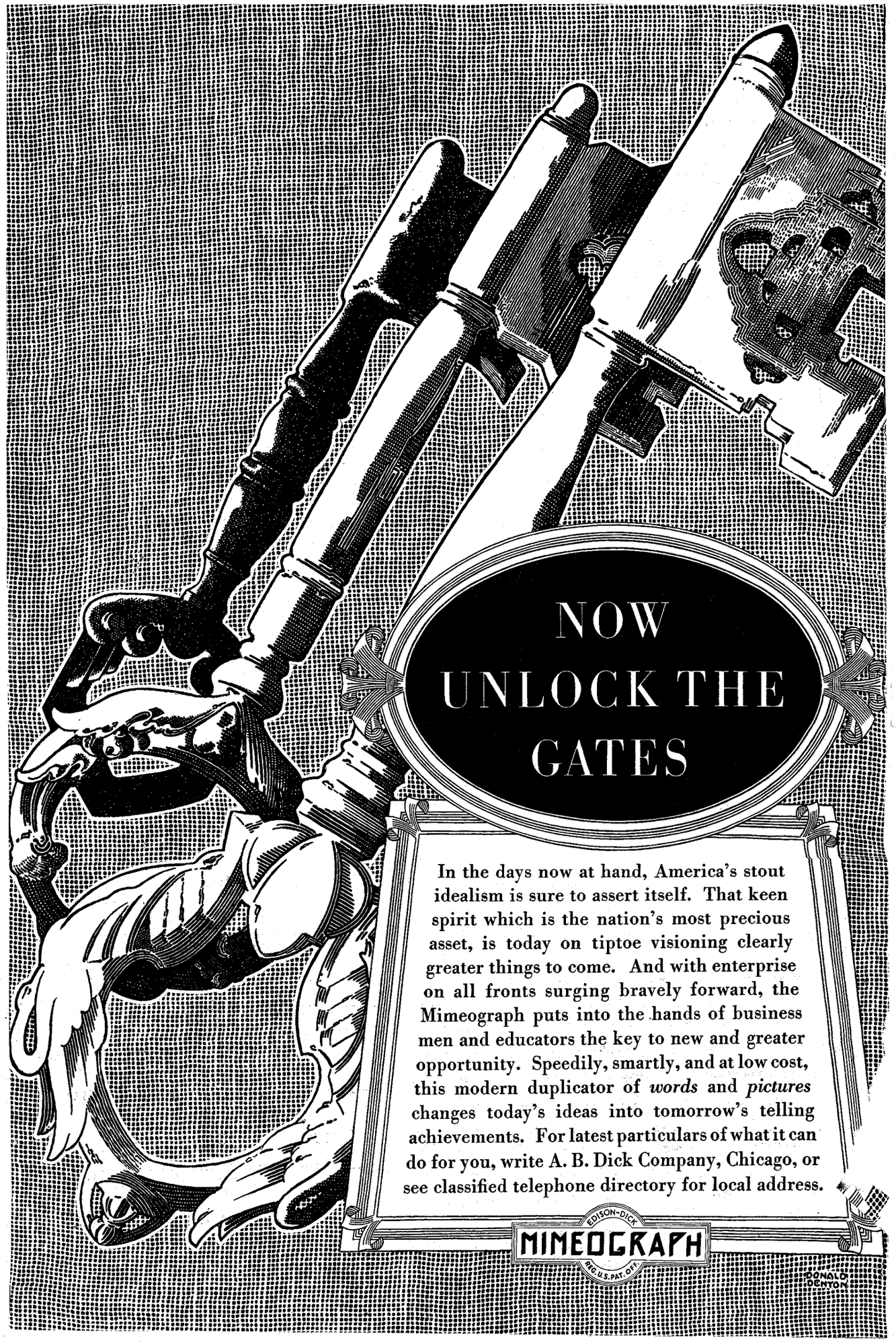
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The Literary Digest
NEW YORK JANUARY 16, 1937

Topics of the day

LABOR'S BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

Automobile Plants Picked as Arena for Fight to the Finish

A group of panel stampers in the Cleveland plant of the Fisher Body Company quit work and sat down when they heard that the plant manager had postponed for three and one-half hours a conference with the head of their Union. Others followed their example. Result: 700 strikers stayed in the factory; 8,000 were thrown out of work.

A week later, 39,600 men were made idle as the strike mushroomed to fourteen other units of the General Motors Corporation. Principal cities hit were Detroit, Flint and Pontiac, Michigan. Kansas City; Atlanta; Norwood, Ohio, and Anderson, Indiana, also suffered.

Less than two weeks later, 93,500 General Motors men were walking the streets or lounging at home; and the remainder of the vast army of 235,000 GM workers, as well as tens of thousands in dependent industries, were wondering when their turn might come.

Throughout the country, 15,000 retail automobile dealers felt a shiver of apprehension, feared that the melon they had expected with heavy car sales might turn to a crust. Grocers from Coast to Coast who supply melon or crust wondered what the effect would be on their cash intake. The general public, slow to take alarm, inclined at first to dismiss the flare-up as "just another one of those strikes," came to the painful realization that here was the stuff of which general strikes are made.

What was it all about?

Labor Demands—Ostensibly, the auto workers asked:

1. Six-hour day and thirty-hour week.
2. Abolition of piece-work and speed-up.
3. Minimum pay.
4. A seniority system.
5. Reinstatement of all workers dropped for union activity.
6. Recognition of the United Automobile Workers of America as the sole bargaining agency for employees.
7. Bargaining on a national scale, instead of by plants.

Actually, certain forces were seizing what appeared to be a propitious moment to put over their own program. This is the program of the Committee for Industrial Organization, which was suspended by the American Federation of Labor for persisting in its drive to organize workers by industries instead of along the old craft lines. It visioned motors and steel as two great fields for its campaign.

Leaders—Chairman of the C.I.O. and background leader of the GM strike is John L. Lewis, militant labor chief who for years has headed the United Mine Workers. Foreground leader of the GM strike is a newcomer to the national labor field, Homer S. Martin, of Detroit, a former Baptist minister, President of the United Automobile Workers of America.

Opposing generals in the present strike are Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., $374,000-a-year President of the $1,500,000,000 General Motors Corporation, and William S. Knudsen, $325,000-a-year Vice-President. Knudsen fired the first retort at the Union by telling it to negotiate with individual plant managers. Mr. Sloan followed with a blast that took the form of a statement on all factory bulletin-boards, full-page newspaper advertisements printed in more than thirty cities. He made these points:

No "union or labor dictator" would dominate the corporation; no worker would have to "pay tribute to a private group of labor dictators" to hold his job; the corporation would not recognize any union as the sole bargaining agent for employees; it would continue the forty-hour week.

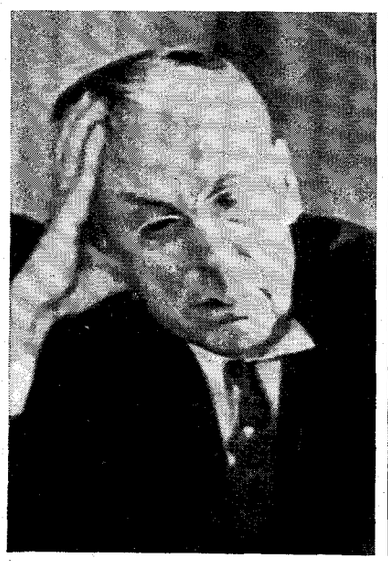
Retort—Replying, Martin reiterated his demand for negotiations on a country-wide basis, declared it appeared to be the corporation's policy to prevent organization of a union, "a violation of the National Labor Relations Act," warned that the public was becoming aware of the corporation's "antisocial policies."

For Martin and Lewis, it soon became a battle on two fronts when A.F.L. unions and leaders swung into action against the strike. Four of the Federation's Vice-Presidents and heads of the metals and building trades departments asked General Motors not to recognize the U.A.W.A. as sole bargaining agent for employees.

Meanwhile, President Roosevelt, tho remaining silent, kept a close watch on developments, conferring with Secretary of Labor Perkins, who received daily reports from three Labor Department conciliators in the field. Biggest part of the conciliation burden was shouldered by Michigan's new Governor, red-haired Frank Murphy, who skipped sleep, and snatched his meals in a whirl of conferences with both sides.

Negotiation Terms—After several days' work, the Governor obtained the Corporation's statement of its position as a basis of negotiation:

1. The sit-down strikers must leave the five plants they occupied.
2. Refusal to deal with the union as sole bargaining unit for employees.
3. The Corporation was willing to confer on a national basis as demanded, but



Sloan: "No union dictator will dominate GM plants"

Martin: "Inhuman speed-up makes men slaves of machines"

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Knudsen: "I pride myself in raising my men first"

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only if a limited decision on this phase were agreed to.

4. (unopposed) Federal conciliators should set the time and place for a joint conference.

In reply, Martin stated the workers' position:

1. Agreement to withdraw sit-down strikers if the Corporation promised "no unfair advantage will be taken of the concession"—that is, removal of equipment to resume operations elsewhere.

2. Temporary withdrawal of its demand for sole bargaining power if the Corporation recognized the Union for conference purposes.

3. An immediate stop to "all activities such as circulating petitions, organizing *vigilante* activities, threatening or coercing employees."

Problems—Biggest stumbling block to calling a conference centered in the question of withdrawing the sit-down strikers. Knudsen refused to condone "illegal occupation of our plants," blamed "arbitrary action" of union officials.

Among the knottiest problems awaiting settlement were the old questions of piecework and the speed-up. In the average plant, the assembly-line runs the entire length of a long building, sometimes back again. It usually starts with frame and wheels. As the chassis moves along, the engine is dropped in. Next, the body is bolted on; steering-wheel and fenders attached, then bumpers, horn, etc. All along the line, workers tighten bolts, put on window trim and instrument-panel attachments. Just before the car rolls off the line, it gets a final inspection.

The speed-up, as the name implies, consists of rushing the production-line. In some cases operations have been so stepped up that union men assert that the nervous strain on the worker far more than offsets any increased piece wage. Martin calls it "the inhuman speed-up, which has made man the slave of the machine."

Example—Many assembly workers, as well as most of those engaged in manufacturing small parts for a car, are employed on a piece-work basis. One example of a piece-worker's job, as cited by the Union:

A man is assigned the task of installing the molding around the rear window of various models of Car A. He is assisted by another. The job requires ten screws. These two men also install the dome-light switch, and together pass thirty-two cars an hour. The pay is 2.03 cents per car, which enables each to earn about 65 cents an hour.

Top wages in the industry go to skilled workers, such as hammer men and layout men; they get $2 an hour. Lowest paid are the tool sweepers, who receive twenty-five cents an hour. Average of automobile workers was $29 a week in September, according to union figures. Knudsen, in a recent address, put the average yearly wage in the entire industry at $1,490, compared it with $1,150 in the next highest industry.

Of the chief personalities involved, public interest centered on Martin, a newcomer on the national scene, and Knudsen. The union chief is thirty-four, the corporation executive fifty-seven. Both have had unusual careers. Knudsen was once a bicycle repairman in Denmark; Martin is a former Baptist minister.

Martin—A native of Marion, Illinois, Martin attended William Jewel College at Liberty, Missouri, was graduated in 1928, became interested in the automobile workers' cause while Pastor of the Baptist Church at Leeds, Missouri. Deacons of the church objected to his labor sermons, so he picked up his Bible, went to work in the Chevrolet plant in Kansas City.

Before this, however, he had put his name in the athletic record books by taking National A. A. U. championships in the hop, skip and jump in 1924 and 1925.*

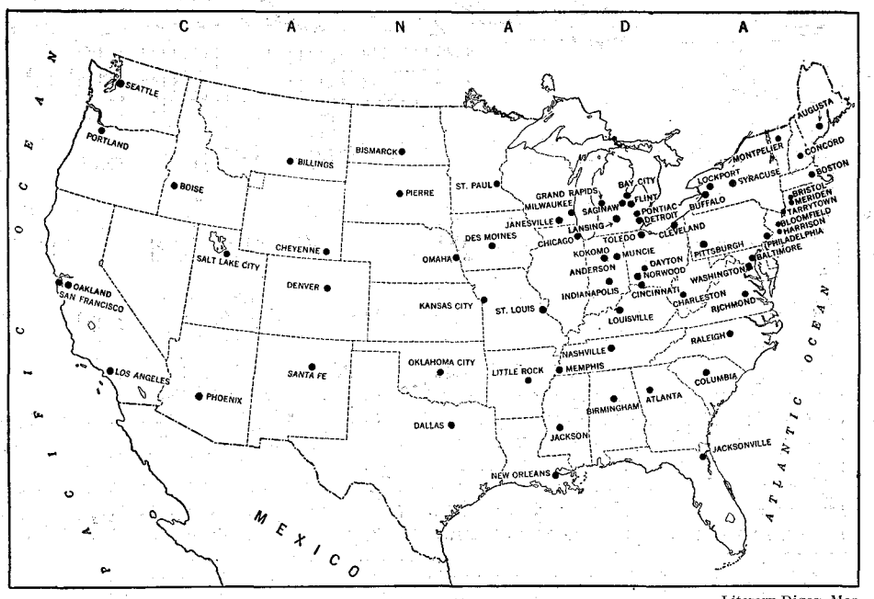
In 1934 Martin helped organize the United Automobile Workers of America, was named first Vice-President. He was elected President last May. Of medium height, blue-eyed and pleasant-faced, he is known in labor circles for his amiability and forceful speaking. His union salary is $3,000. He lives with his wife and two children—a girl, twelve, and a boy, six—in a second-floor flat of a Detroit suburb. Intimates chaff him about his automobile-driving ability, insist he "drives like an old woman."

Knudsen—Knudsen, fellow Detroiter of Martin, now a $325,000-a-year man, came to America around the turn of the century with $30 in his pocket, learned English by listening to children in the street. After working in bicycle and engine plants until 1913, he went with Henry Ford, left ten years later to become Operations Manager of Chevrolet, then its President. In 1930, King Christian of Denmark knighted him for his outstanding success in America.

Tall, heavy-set and slightly stooped, Knudsen is known as a democratic executive who will give a hearing to the humblest worker. He has said this so often that it has become a sort of motto:

"I don't like to be asked for a raise. I pride myself in raising my men first."

*His record in 1924 was 45 feet, 8¾ inches; in 1925, 47 feet, 11¼ inches.



Literary Digest Map

These cities may be struck by spread of General Motors strike

* * *

PRESS COMMENT

GENERAL PRESS

New York Sun: "The enforced idleness of workers who, while not directly engaged in the dispute, are directly affected by it, would mean an army of men and women turned back to the dole. . . . Can the Roosevelt Administration, knowing what a prolonged strike will mean in relief costs and a check to advancing prosperity, afford to stick to the ambitious and ruthless Lewis?"

Automotive Daily News (Detroit): "Do not look for an early settlement, altho hopeful some compromise can be reached. Union men claim that the strikes are an expression of the unwillingness of labor to be considered as a commodity rather than as individuals."

Milwaukee Journal: "President Sloan's statement, curiously enough, does not differ greatly from the doctrine enunciated by President Green of the A. F. of L. when he was at the height of his conflict with John L. Lewis. Mr. Green said his issue with Lewis involved solely the right of workers to the democratic control of their organization. Mr. Sloan says about the same thing when he insists that his company will deal with those workers who belong to a union as a group and with other workers individually in the status they may elect. . . . The Lewis plan involves group control of all workers and the rights of workers and its logical outcome would be syndicalism in which the processes of production would be controlled by labor rather than by management. As such, it is a principle that has never yet been adopted by America or found wide-spread support, either by labor or by the public."

The Oregonian (Portland, Ore.): "The Union officials can not pretend that the paralysis now being extended through the plants is justified on the basis of low pay. They can only openly admit the truth, that this is a build-up for the industrial union faction—a preliminary to the more difficult invasion of the steel industry."

Kansas City Star: "Mr. Sloan says that the Corporation does recognize the principle of collective bargaining, and that is not denied by the Union President. Thus the chief question is whether there shall be more than a single bargaining agency (with the unorganized employees left to act as they will) or only one such agency. . . . The public will be left with the question as to whether that justifies the tie-up of industry that already means

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idleness for more than 70,000 workers and threatened idleness for many more."

LABOR PRESS

Kansas City Labor News: "Trouble between General Motors and unions could have been avoided had men on both sides used common sense in discussing the matter of settlement through mediation and conciliation. Stubbornness from either side will bring no results. Sloan's attitude displays obstinacy. His attitude will not help matters, nor will contrariness from the Union help."

Utah Labor News: "This is the year 1937 of the Christian era and it should be the year when General Motors Corporation, together with other large employers, should realize that we are living in an age of collective bargaining in labor relations. In the recent election the American people overwhelmingly voted for industrial democracy. Big industrial employers should realize that industrial democracy means freedom for labor to organize and bargain collectively."

Labor World (Pittsburgh): "An automobile strike at this time is insanity itself, which can accomplish no good purpose. It will do labor and business much harm and cause suffering to the workers' families. Strikes are not won by semiorganized groups in winter time. Mr. Lewis's planned revolutionary program for a general strike has developed too rapidly and may engulf him. He has apparently bitten off more than he can chew. Collective bargaining *versus* recovery is now right up to the President."

The New Masses (New York City): "Back of the Roosevelt-Robinson conviction that 'something must be done' was a swiftly-moving strike wave which threatened to engulf the country's major industries unless labor were awarded at least a meager share in the fruits of the current business spurt. . . . General Motors . . . persisted in its refusal to deal with the Union as bargaining agent for its employees."

The Milwaukee Leader: "The automobile industry can not be permitted to remain a feudal species of organization operated wholly for the profit of a few and without regard for its obligations to its workers and to society. A reasonable attitude in this respect would cause the employer to welcome genuine union organization. . . . If the owners will not give their consent there should be a vigorous campaign for public ownership and operation of the industry."

Grand Rapids Labor News: "Because General Motors has in years past flaunted organized labor's efforts to organize its men, because it has used every agency, whether fair or not, to stamp out any form of organization, now it is face to face with a situation which will be hard to cope with. . . . The C.I.O. and its leader John Lewis will run the strike and the motor corporation will find that it is dealing with a Tatar and an organization young, aggressive, and possessed of ultraadvanced ideas."

Daily Worker (New York City): "The issue of dictatorship is a real one. When workers can not get together in a union of their own choice without jeopardizing their jobs—that is dictatorship. . . . The United Automobile Workers and the Committee for Industrial Organization have set out to end this intolerable dictatorship and win better conditions for the thousands of slaves of the Morgan-du Pont-General Motors dynasty."

The Labor Journal (Jacksonville, Fla.): "*The Labor Journal* as official organ of the Central Labor Union (A. F. of L.) finds itself in the position of a well-known comic strip personage in viewing the strike of the United Automobile Workers (suspended A. F. of L.) against General Motors when he said, 'Let's you and him fight.' Viewing the industrial battle from a point far removed from the front, it is doubtful that the workers will make substantial gains, due to impractical organization set-up and the non-union coercive policies of the great General Motors will be continued."

COLUMNISTS

Hugh S. Johnson (United Features Syndicate, Inc., New York *World-Telegram*): "Any obstruction of the automobile industry strikes at the prime mover of prosperity. It is the greatest consumer of raw material and industrial products. . . . Both management and labor here have a deadly serious obligation to the entire country. . . . The first question is: 'Does this Union represent a majority of all General Motors' employees?' As the law now stands, if it does, it has a right to speak for all. . . . There is only one peaceful and proper way to find out this crucial truth of majority representation — to hold an election under some impartial authority, and by secret ballot, uninfluenced by the employer. . . . The first duty both sides owe to the public is to offer to abide by a peaceful election. Neither side has done that. On the contrary, Mr. Sloan's ultimatum seems to say that the company will never do that. If that is correct, the company is in contempt of law."

Walter Lippmann (New York *Herald Tribune*, New York Tribune Syndicate): "It is plain enough that the trouble in General Motors is a test of power rather than a dispute about specific working conditions. . . . No one knows how many employees Mr. Martin represents. Almost certainly they are a minority. Nevertheless, they are a strong enough minority to have stopped production.

"And, in any event, the company recognizes that any minority, or, for that matter, even an individual employee, is entitled to negotiate with the management. So there can be no question of Mr. Martin's right to negotiate with the management.

"Mr. Martin was told that he must negotiate, not with Mr. Knudsen, but with the 'individual plant managers, and, if necessary, with the general managers having jurisdiction in the location involved.'

"But—and this is the crucial point for any one who wishes to be just—in these separate plants the managers are not free agents. If they were, if the managers really had full authority, the position of the company would be in principle unassailable. But Mr. Knudsen made it clear that the plant managers must deal with local grievances subject to the 'basic general policies of the Corporation concerning employee relations.' . . . What is more, it is made very plain from the statement of Mr. Sloan . . . that the central management does not regard its basic general policies as subjects of negotiation with its employees. . . . Tho both sides say they believe in collective bargaining, each is really asking for arbitrary authority."

Wide World

Family life of the automobile workers: "sit-in" strikers greet their children through the window

CONGRESS: "Grand Opening" Sees 2,000 Bills, Hears President on "State of Union"

One of the Senate's aging telephone-booth-sized elevators found eighteen lawmakers, sightseers and reporters too big a load, and sank from the second floor of the Capitol to the basement.

A freshman M. C. hurried to Capitol police with the news that some one had snatched his long flannel nightshirt from his automobile while the car stood near the New House Office Building.

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., shattered the seen-but-not-heard tradition for fledgling Senators by introducing a bill demanding a national census of the unemployed.

Opening—Thus, last week, against the customary background of farce and solemnity, the Congress of the United States—first session of the Seventy-fifth—convened, elected officers and received two messages from the President. One was the personally delivered Roosevelt message to Congress

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on the state of the Union. The other—rattled off mechanically by clerks—was a complicated discussion of the United States Budget for 1937-'38.

It did not require a personal message from the man in the White House to tell the 538 Legislators on Capitol Hill that they had a man-sized job ahead of them. In the House alone, more than 2,000 bills were introduced on the first day.

They ranged from a measure calling for a national referendum before war can be declared, to one urging the Government to put all criminals on penal islands. A dozen powers and authorizations—such as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and executive control over the gold content of the dollar—had to be extended by Congress, or allowed to die.

But towering above a host of such minor considerations on the legislative agenda were three great issues from which the Seventy-fifth Congress could draw historic head-lines.

Neutrality—Once the hallooing and huzzahs of opening day had faded out of hearing, Congress came face to face with the serious business of insulating America's jagged shoreline against international conflagration which might develop from Spain's civil war. In New York, a Spanish steamship already had nosed out to sea with a cargo of air-planes, food and clothing for the Loyalist Army about Madrid.

The present neutrality law requires the President to issue a proclamation forbidding the shipment of arms and munitions to "foreign States" at war. It gives him no power to act in case of civil war within a country. Prodded by threats of further embarrassing shipments of air-plane supplies to Spain, Congressional leaders last week jammed through both House and Senate a resolution levying a penalty of $10,000 or five years' imprisonment, or both, for shipment of "arms, ammunition, and implements of war" to either Fascists or Loyalists.

Once this was done, anxious Senators and M. C.'s could take a breather—but not for long. Before May 1, when the present law expires, they must decide about a further program.

On no issue is Congress more neatly divided than on the question of how to fend off oversea sparks of war. One faction, led by Sen. Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, demands a strict neutrality law, one that tells the President exactly what steps to take.

Wide World

Vandenberg demands strict neutrality law

The law should state, they say, what war materials are to be embargoed and when. It should force belligerents to send their own vessels to this country to transport goods—paid for, incidentally, in cash. It should keep American citizens off ships of belligerents. It should leave nothing to the discretion of the President or the State Department.

The other faction, speaking through Sen. William E. Borah, of Idaho, is against such "mandatory" legislation. Congress can not possibly foresee every crisis, they argue, pointing to the Spanish civil war as their prime example. The neutrality law must be flexible. It must give the President power of discretion in the levying of embargoes on war materials.

Labor—"Sober second thought confirms most of us in the belief that the broad objectives of the National Recovery Act were sound. We know now that its difficulties arose from the fact that it tried to do too much."

As President Roosevelt made this admission to Congress last week, a platoon of Senators and Representatives were mulling over plans for raising workers' wages, reducing hours of labor, and drawing children out of factories—without doing too much. The most comprehensive of a batch of pro-labor measures that had been or were about to be introduced was Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney's Federal licensing and incorporation bill.

Under its provisions, existing corporations which function on an interstate scale would have to procure licenses from the Federal Trade Commission in order to continue in business. New corporations would have to be chartered by the Commission before doing interstate business.

Licenses and charters would be granted only to corporations agreeing (1) to stop discriminating against women employees, (2) to eliminate child labor, (3) to bargain collectively with workers to establish higher wages, a shorter working-week. The bill sets no labor standards, but follows, rather, the Roosevelt idea of letting labor unions achieve the highest level of working conditions which they are able to win through their own strength.

Arguments—O'Mahoney believes his bill is a long step away from bureaucratic control of business. "The alternative that confronts business," he argues, "is whether by means of a constitutional amendment there shall be established in Washington definite discretionary regulation of business, or whether by this bill we shall draw the charters of the corporations engaged in interstate commerce under Federal authority, and by definitely fixing corporate powers, actually release business from discretionary control."

The American Federation of Labor likes the O'Mahoney bill. The White House is non-committal.

If Congress prefers not to resort to Federal licensing to eliminate child labor, it can turn to the scheme of an ex-candidate for the Presidency. Last week, Alf M. Landon surged back into the nation's headlines by suggesting that Congress pass a law requiring all child labor goods in interstate commerce to be labeled, and making it a Federal offense to ship goods made by child labor into a State which forbids or may pass laws against their sale.

Relief—"The immediate question of adequate relief for the needy unemployed who are capable of performing useful work I shall discuss with the Congress during the coming months."

Thus in his Congressional message did the President announce that a resolution he made two years ago will remain still unfulfilled. In January, 1935, when he asked Congress for $4,800,000,000 to finance his gigantic program of help for the unemployed, he declared: "The Federal Government must and shall quit this business of relief."

When he attempted last fall to trim relief-rolls, slash administrative costs, and thus take the first step toward quitting relief, WPA workers emitted howls of protest.

Talk of trimming subsided.

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O'Mahoney wants all corporations licensed

Problem—To-day, the Works Program, its coffers sucked almost dry by the addition to the relief-rolls of 250,000 drought-ridden farmers, needs half a billion dollars to pay bills through June 30. It may get more than that. In his message on the Budget last week, the President announced that he would ask Congress for $790,000,000, of which $650,000,000 will be used in the next six months. The remaining $140,000,000 is to be expended next year, but can be used this year if it is needed.

To those who demand a balanced budget and look wryly, therefore, at further relief appropriations, the President said bluntly:

"It is my conviction that if every employer or potential employer will undertake during the next six months to give employment to persons now receiving Government help, the national budget can thereafter be kept definitely in balance.

"Without such cooperation on the part of employers, the questions of a balanced budget for 1938 must of necessity remain an open one, for the very good reason that the Government does not propose next year, any more than during the past four years, to allow American families to starve."

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WESTERN FRACAS: North Dakota Governor Gets Set for Political In-Fighting Again

At the Inaugural ceremonies of President Roosevelt next Wednesday, nattily-dressed William Langer, first Non-Partizan Governor of North Dakota, will be a hand-clapping bleacherite.

He'll be in Washington to show that he's on the right side of the fence this time. Whereas he won on a Non-Partizan ticket, he's really on the liberal band-wagon of the New Deal.

Maybe, too, he'll be in Washington to annoy his State's Republican Senator Gerald P. Nye. There is little love lost between the two men. Langer blames his own political difficulties on Nye, covets the latter's Senatorial seat, would like to get it two years hence.

Turn-Over—Typical of stormy North Dakota politics is Langer's current return to power. Since 1934, the Flickertail State has had four Governors and Langer himself was once ousted for alleged corrupt practises.

Even now, the fight's started again. A week before his inauguration, the well-built, graying Governor was forewarned of trouble. Retiring Gov. Walter Welford, once a supporter, served notice of another attempt to drive him out, charging violation of the Corrupt Practises Act.

In the complaint, Welford said Langer made campaign promises of "appointments" and promised that "he would halt real estate and chattel mortgage foreclosure" if elected; and that he had spent personally and through dummy committees and organizations an illegal amount of money.

Worn Out—Often driving 400 miles, making ten speeches a day during the campaign, Langer took his oath of office from a hospital-bed. Then he started out in whirlwind fashion to make good his election promises.

He proclaimed a moratorium on real and personal property mortgage foreclosure sales and execution sales of live stock and other personal property in North Dakota.

He discharged thirty State employees on his first day in office, instituted a vigorous, rapid-fire political house-cleaning.

The citizenry seemed to eat it up, as every day brought further evidence of Langer turmoil: embargoes, removals, moratoria, martial law, bitterly criticized appointments.

The new executive isn't afraid of the new charges.

"I am really glad that the United States Government spent $125,000 to prove I am an honest Governor," he said, when acquitted at a third trial by the U. S. Federal Court in 1935 at Kansas City.

Salary—Wealthy already from his law practise, Langer receives $4,000 yearly, besides use of the official mansion at Bismarck. He relishes a good fight, claims to be on the side of the poor. The State's voters gave him a majority of 3,000 votes to return him to the executive desk.

Friends remember Langer as a District Attorney in 1922. He planned to serve warrants on prominent Minot citizens for alleged liquor activities. To prevent local authorities from tipping off the offenders, he ordered all service to telephone subscribers suspended.

Acme

William Langer . . . the fight is on again

His most sensational acts were embargoes he declared on wheat and beef. Crying that the prices paid for both were practically confiscatory, Langer held back trains, barred shipments out of the State as a protest against low prices on farm products.

Idea Man—Langer has long been an advocate of Federal funds to launch a huge State ownership program in North Dakota. Some refer to him as the "Alfalfa Bill" of the North.

Born at Everest, North Dakota, September 30, 1886, he attended prairie school, the University of North Dakota and Columbia University.

Valedictorian of his class at the latter, he was voted the member "most likely to succeed."

He then had a reputation as a hell-for-leather student-politician and as a rough-and-tumble debater.

After Columbia, Langer went to Cuba, then Mexico, in the midst of a revolution. He was arrested as a spy, talked his way out. Admitted to the North Dakota bar in 1911, he began practising at Mandan, moved to Bismarck in 1916.

Home Life—In 1918, he returned briefly to New York, married Lydia Cady, daughter of Josiah Cleveland Cady, New York architect who designed the Metropolitan Opera House. They have four daughters.

Following a term as State's Attorney of Morton County, Langer entered State politics, became Attorney-General of North Dakota for two terms.

Ten days after Langer, as Governor, had won a rousing victory, in the 1934 Republican primary election, he stood before Federal Judge Andrew Miller in Fargo. He was sentenced to pay $10,000 in fines, serve eighteen months in Leavenworth penitentiary.

He had been accused of making a 5 per cent. levy on the salaries of all State employees for political purposes, including those receiving their salaries from moneys granted by the Federal Government for relief.

A year later he was acquitted. Two years later, Langer was Governor again.

BURNED MONEY: Treasury Will Buy Back Your Damaged Bank-Notes, but Be Honest

It's puzzle time at the Currency Redemption Division of the Treasury Department in Washington. Every January, bits and pieces of bank-notes arrive from all over the country, need identification.

A Michigan widow hid her life's savings in the chimney. Last week a fire destroyed them. Her local bank sent the ashes to Washington. She hopes the Government will return her $1,000.

A Pennsylvania farmer found a sum of currency he had hoarded ten years ago. Almost unidentifiable, the soggy mass was forwarded to the Redemption Division. First inspection revealed the notes were worth at least $6,047.

Money Back—Trained experts with much patience do their utmost to redeem currency whenever possible. If portions of the notes bearing engraved designs are left so that they can be identified as to kind and denomination, full value may be obtained. When accompanied by an affidavit that the remaining portion of the notes was destroyed and how, severely damaged currency may also be redeemed at full value. Decayed currency is the hardest type for Treasury workers to identify. Ashes are almost hopeless.

Approximately 100 individual cases come in daily. Ordinarily, torn notes are cared for at local banks, only difficult cases referred to Washington.

Your Money—In the years since the World War, the amount of money in circulation has ranged between $4,500,000,000 and $6,000,000,000. This represents about $45 *per capita*, of which slightly less than $4 is in coin, the remainder in paper currency.

One dollar bills, constituting more than one-half the number of bills in circulation, last about nine months; $10 bills are usually good for fourteen months; $1,000,-000 Treasury bills are almost "untouchables."

The Federal Reserve Banks turn in about 95 per cent. of currency for redemption. All National Bank-notes, which are being retired, are sent in by the Federal Reserve Banks and removed from circulation entirely. Approximately $400,000,-000 of National Bank-notes were sent in during the fiscal year ended last June, $1,500,000,000 Federal Reserve notes, and $750,000,000 other currency.

Gold certificates are few. Exclusive of those held by the Treasury and Federal Reserve Banks, only some $100,960,000 are outstanding.

Oldest notes in circulation are U. S. Notes, an issue dating from the War Between the States. Next in age come gold certificates (1863), followed by National Bank-notes (1864), silver certificates in 1878, Treasury notes of 1890.

Expensive Teeth—Currency comes in all forms of mutilation. A lot has been burned, some chewed by dogs or other animals, swallowed by cows or goats, decayed by burial or being lost in a pocketbook, gnawed by rats and mice.

A farmer feeding stock lost his purse, saw a calf chewing it. Unable to get it back, the farmer killed the calf, worth $35. The Treasury redeemed the $70 in the purse when it was forwarded to Washington.

Dogs may chew bank-notes, but they

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seldom swallow them, according to authorities. Therefore the Treasury is leery about redeeming money supposedly devoured by dogs. Still, when a Pennsylvania girl sent in pieces of a $5 note with an affidavit the rest had been swallowed by her dog, the Treasury, finding her character good, sent payment.

In her letter of thanks, the girl enclosed the other portion of the note, subsequently found.

Much burned money comes from airplane wrecks, ships' fires. The *Morro Castle* fire, for instance, brought in several hundred individual lots of currency, also the safe-deposit box of the purser.

But attempts to hoodwink the Government by sending in two parts of a note for redemption on different occasions are seldom successful.

Fakes—A man in Cleveland sent in a charred portion of a $5 note. His affidavit stated he had jerked out the bill with his handkerchief as he was emptying ashes. The currency fell on hot embers. The Treasury paid him.

Later, the other portion of the same note came in through a Cleveland bank. The Currency Redemption Division duly notified the Secret Service. The man was sentenced to jail, fined $250.

A waitress in Oklahoma burned a $5 note on a gas-jet, received redemption. Then the other portion came in through the Federal Reserve Bank at Oklahoma City. She was arrested, as were the two men who had attested her affidavit, and the notary.

It's risky business to fool around with the Redemption Division.

FOREST AND CAMP: Fechner's CCC Stirs a Congressional Controversy Over Militarism

Glinting axes in their toughened hands, Army pork and beans in their grateful stomachs and grins across their bronzed faces, America's Civilian Conservation Corps last week cast the collective shadow of 300,000 youths across the hallowed halls of Congress. For nearly four years, they have been planting trees, building check-dams to halt soil erosion, fighting forest fires and working generally to make the CCC one of the most popular New Deal projects, excepted from critics' attacks.

Mindful of success in experimentation, the New Deal moved last week to consider two new steps:

1. Making the CCC permanent.
2. Subjecting recruits in it to military training.

With little or no opposition, the first measure seemed assured of Congressional enactment.

The second gave promise of one of the most bitter pacifist-militarist battles since the World War.

Deaf to arguments of some War Department officials that the introduction of military training in CCC camps would triple regular Army strength, that in any case it would be no worse than the training in land-grant colleges, peace organizations, liberals of every complexion and church groups girded for a fight to a finish, threatening to lobby the bill right out of the District of Columbia.

Workers All—Deaf to all arguments save the brimming mess-kit, the CCC plodded on with its work, enlisted 50,000 men this month for the final quarter of the fiscal year.

Better than clergymen or Congressmen, the boys of the Corps remembered the gnawing depression from which CCC had rescued them.

The average among them was just an eighteen-year-old, out of a job, in a lower middle-class family in a small town when he first let an Army doctor give him a physical examination and put his name down in CCC records.

Handicapped by depression, sick of searching for measly odd jobs, chances are with only an eighth-grade education to help them, no trade to follow and no future ahead, such youths found a new opportunity in forestry work for the Government.

Washington put a whole slue of bosses over them: State Relief Directors to hire them, the Army to feed, clothe and house them, the Departments of Agriculture and the Interior to supervise their work projects, the Veterans' Administration to select their War-veteran older buddies in the Corps.

Director—Real boss is Robert Fechner, ex-machinist, Director of Emergency Conservation work. Gnome-like, hard-working, the sixty-one-year-old executive has no string of degrees after his name, eats a twenty-minute cafeteria lunch near his Washington office (where he starts work at seven in the morning). He was hired away from his job as Vice-President of the International Association of Machinists by President Roosevelt, whose brain-child CCC is.

To Fechner and his crony unionist and assistant, James Joseph McEntee, fell the whole job of organizing the conservation camps, coordinating all the departments that have a finger in CCC, and seeing that both the nation's land resources and its rehabilitated youth profited from the billion and a half dollars that have been spent on them since April, 1933.

Profit for the average CCC recruit has meant a gain of seven and a half pounds in weight, a great improvement in health (common colds and venereal diseases beset them, but their death-rate is lower than the Army's, lower than that of average men of the same age groups—seventeen-twenty-eight): additional education (2.5 per cent. of CCCers are illiterate at enlistment, learn to read before demobilization or return to private jobs), and money (they get $30 per month, send all but $5 home to parents).

Most of all, it has meant a real job, self-respect, and a recommendation when they leave the camps to get a job outside.

Worthy of Their Hire—To the nation, the work done by the million and a half who have been in the Corps (average enlistment time is eight months) has been called worth the whole cost of the projects. Last year, 425,175,600 trees were planted, 1,118,000 soil-erosion check-dams were built, 959,000 man-days were spent fighting forest fires.

And besides the money sent home by the workers, half of the cost of CCC has gone to buy equipment, supplies and land for parks and forests, helping stimulate business.

How do the boys get time to do all this? the public might wonder.

Here is a sample day: Up at 6 o'clock, assembly, then breakfast at 6:30. Camp clean-up half an hour later, work at 7:30. Lunch and sick-call, then work until 4:45. Dinner at 6. Evenings may be devoted to classes and lectures, (education bill, $6,000,000), or motion-pictures or camp entertainment. Passes to leave the camp are necessary.

The boys do not work on Saturdays or Sundays.

How do they gain weight? Work, athletics, and such menus as these: Breakfast—cereal, meat, potatoes, fruit; lunch—stew or sandwiches and coffee; dinner—from soup to dessert.

From a consumption standpoint, administrators say, the most popular foods are: beef, chicken, prunes, peas, pineapple. The meals cost and weigh the same as regulation Army rations.

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CCC boys pitch tents: to their tree-planting, fire-fighting work may be added rifle drill

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CUPID'S DAY: ROYAL DUTCH WEDDING

Princess Juliana Takes a Consort With Old World Festivity

Shy Hollanders usually stand silently, their wooden shoes fast to the cobblestones, whenever a royal turnout passes. Last week, however, the hoarse cry "*Hoera!*" (Hurrah!) signified what in another country would have amounted to popular hysterics when Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard rode by on their way to their marriage ceremony.

And reason enough for cheering they had: For forty-one years, Holland had been without a male heir to the throne.

The streets of The Hague, Capital of the Netherlands, were bedecked with the red, white and blue of the national colors, the orange of the House of Orange-Nassau. Traffic was banned from the center of the city; the police were put to the test holding back enthusiastic burghers, the thousands of subjects who had come from the far ends of the Netherlands Empire.

Unlike weddings in nations where the bride considers it bad luck to meet her bridegroom on the day of the wedding until it be at the very altar, Princess Juliana rode in the great golden state coach with her Prince by her side. On her *left* side, because of his inferior rank. As white as the eight horses which drew the chariot was the Princess's white velvet wedding gown. Nearly as red as the bunting were her plump Dutch cheeks. For, at twenty-seven, the Princess was giving what her people wanted most—herself in marriage.

Romance—For the Prince at her side, the procession was a happy one. With rain expected, there was sunshine, a blue sky to match the blue of his Captain's uniform in the Blue Hussars of the Netherlands. The people liked him; he liked them; loved the Princess. It was, of all things royal, a marriage of love.

At the Town Hall where, in the presence of the Burgomaster, they signed the civil documents which made them man and wife, the ceremony was soon over. Thence in triumph they rode, with cavalry before and cavalry behind, to the Dutch Reformed Church of Saint James. There they found two high-backed red armchairs, awaiting them in front of the pulpit. Juliana's, her position throughout life ordained to be always on the right, had embroidered on it the crest of the House of Orange-Nassau; Prince Bernhard's wore the crest of Lippe-Biesterfeld.

Alone behind them, as she had been in her own carriage throughout the procession, sat Queen Wilhelmina, plumper than her daughter, with even more color in her middle-aged cheeks. It was the high moment of her life, the culmination of hopes which had sent her traveling with her unmarried daughter to a number of the royal playgrounds of the Continent.

Simplicity—While a dozen young bridesmaids rustled restlessly in a pew on the Queen's right, the simplest Calvinist ceremony prescribed by the religious Queen consumed forty-five solemn minutes. A short reception of potentates in the church sacristy, and the Queen and her "dear children" returned to the Palace by the way they had come.

At the wedding-breakfast, where incongruous diamonds sparkled over pumpernickel bread sliced thin for many-decked sandwiches of cheeses and jams, gossip centered on two incidents distilled from the reception the evening before:

Bright were the faces of those discussing the way the chairs of the Prince and Princess had drawn closer as the evening wore along. (Here indeed was proof that the marriage was one of love!)

Dark were the scowls of those discussing the lack of singing attendant upon the "Horst Wessel," Nazi Germany's marching-song. It had been noticeable in contrast with the enthusiasm with which the company had joined in such songs as "God Save the King!" Britain's national anthem. Dr. Peter Van Anrooy, conductor, had not minded playing "Deutschland Ueber Alles"; he had refused to conduct the Hitler *lied* of Prince Bernhard's Fatherland. So another conductor had taken his place. Attempts by the Nazi press to insist upon swastikas along the procession route had taken effect. Talk indicated that any attempt to bulldoze the Dutch had rarely succeeded, as a once-powerful Spain had learned.

Favorite—Because of Prince Bernhard's indifference to Hitler's demands for Nazi publicity at the ceremony, the incident reacted in the young German's favor, popularity coming more quickly than it had to Prince Henry, late Consort of Queen Wilhelmina. (Prince Henry had to take part in rescue work in the sinking of the Channel steamer *Berlin* to win the favor of Hollanders; and even then, his principal prerogative was the bestowing of honors on Boy Scouts.)

Bernhard Leopold Frederic Eberhard Jules Curt Charles Godefroi Pierre zu Lippe-Biesterfeld, light-hearted, laughing, twenty-five-year-old Prince, is no German of the goose-stepping variety. Sharing a small apartment in Berlin with his brother Ernest, he worked for the German dye trust, the I. G. Farbenindustrie. Of modest means, but well educated and a good skater and tennis player, he had not regretted the collapse of the Hohenzollern Empire which cost his uncle, Leopold IV, the minute German Principality of Lippe. Hard-hit financially by the 1918 revolution in Germany and by inflation, young Bernhard belongs to the cosmopolitan German type, was popular in Paris, where he worked recently for the German dye-trust.

The education of the Prince, in Munich, Lausanne and Berlin—he speaks English and French as fluently as he does German, knows his literature, arts and chemistry—gave him a quick point of contact when he met Princess Juliana in Germany at the Winter Olympics last winter. For the Princess had slaved over history, mathematics, economics and seven languages. To her numerous titles (Crown Princess of the Netherlands, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Meklenburg) she can add a well-won Doctor of Philosophy and an honorary Doctor of Letters.

Big Job—Tho getting in her share of winter sports in Switzerland, Norway and Austria, Princess Juliana has received a tough training for the responsibilities of the Queen job she will inherit one day along with her mother's $5,000,000 a year income (her present income is $110,000 a year; the impecunious Prince Bernhard has been voted a like amount).

Along with a Dutch-thorough knowledge of housework and sewing, she has been acting for her mother in more and more duties of State, becoming more and more like her mother since the death of her less stern father two years ago (to church or at her lessons under the guidance of the Queen; at the movies, playing tennis, bicycling or rowing with her Prince-Consort father, was the parental association of her adolescent life).

But now that Princess Juliana is married, the younger generation of the Netherlands expects a revival of the blither spirit she inherited from her father. It will

Wide World

Princess Juliana and her prince: "of all things royal, a marriage of love"

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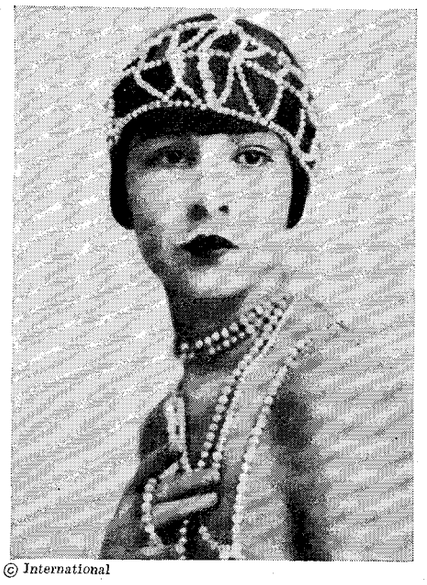

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Edythe Baker plays the piano for Kent and . . .

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Mrs. Allen takes him to have his bumps read

make a difference, they say, when she moves into the Palace of her own in which she has yet to live.

More hopeful is the outlook for young Prince Bernhard, liberal young Hollanders believe, than was that of Wilhelmina's Prince-Consort. Hendrik learned soon after his marriage that he had assumed a ticklish rôle, walking on State occasions not at the Queen's side but slightly behind her. While the Queen rode through the streets, bowing and smiling on her subjects, the genial Hendrik had to stare *straight ahead, unsmiling.* Typical incident: at the Olympic games in Amsterdam eight years ago, the Queen presented gold medals to the winners; her consort distributed the silver prizes to the second best.

EDWARD'S BROTHER:

Duke of Kent Also Shows Interest in American Women

"Jove!" exclaimed an English news-stand client last week as he thumbed through a copy of the London *News Review.* "Read that!"

"It must be a joke!" gasped his pop-eyed companion.

"The joke," chortled the magazine purchaser, "seems to be on the Archbishop of Canterbury—and the other Victorians who ousted Edward from the throne!"

Mayfairites understood well enough why the British news weekly had devoted so much space to the Duke of Kent's visit to a phrenologist, even tho the London *Times* and the London *Daily Telegraph* had found no space for it in their columns.

Mrs. Allen—That the youngest brother of the King should want his bumps read is dull reading in itself. The penchant for phrenology runs right through the royal family back to Victoria, who once invited a practitioner to Buckingham Palace to delineate the capacities of her children by the bumps on their heads.

But according to the *News Review,* there was more to it than that. For the magazine stated that the thirty-four-year-old husband and father had (1) been conducted to the head reader's tent in Ludgate Circus by Mrs. William Allen, (a) an American, (b) twice married, (c) a former *mannequin,* (d) present wife of the son of a British baron; (2) given his name as *Mr.* Allen.

"'E was laughin' fit to bust," the skull analyst's receptionist reminisced to a representative of the *News Review.*

Fit to bust as well was the apparently premature belief that the "Bohemian *clique*" so popular in court circles during the brief reign of Edward VIII had been banished to Soho by the chastisement of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the circumspect example of George VI.

Miss Baker—Careful was *News Review* to note that on the occasion of the bump reading, the Duke of Kent not only had the night out from No. 3 Belgrave Square, but that he also managed to see his friend Edythe Baker from Kansas City, Missouri, estranged wife of Gerard d'Erlanger, son of the Baron Emile Beaumont d'Erlanger, wealthy British banker. A professional piano player who began her career in a Kansas City night-club owned by one Joe Donegan, she made popular the Twelfth Street rendezvous from which "The Twelfth Street Rag" derived its title.

Edith (as she spelled her name in democratic America) had a peculiar style of pounding the piano, soon landed a job with the Orpheum Circuit. She ivoried her way into the "Ziegfeld Follies," finally set out for England. There, she played her way into the affections of Gerard d'Erlanger, marrying him in 1928, separating from him in 1934. Aside from her piano playing, she danced well; danced with Edward Windsor six times, teaching him the "Black Bottom."

Mystery—As with Mrs. Simpson, there was something of an air of mystery about these latest two women in the news.

"Not for two days," relates the *News Review,* "was the mystery solved that the strong-minded, fashionable visitor, Mrs. William Allen, is the one-time greatly painted *mannequin,* Paula Gellibrand, former Marquise de Casa Maury. Famed in her coming-out year (1928) as 'The Gellibrand,' she was launched socially by the Baroness d'Erlanger, who brought her up with her own daughter, Baba, the present Princess Faucigny-Lucinge. In top-flight society, Paula eclipsed all other beauties, married Marquis Petra José Maury, Cuban banana man, present owner of London's West End Curzon cinema."

Bumps—So many of the "best people" go to fortune-tellers and seeresses nowadays "just for the fun of it," and Evelyn Boole's sensitive fingers, *News Review* reported, found the Duke's bump of conjugality only moderately developed.

Stating that she would "recognize him as a man in public life from his head alone," Madame Boole told the magazine his bumps show that he has "a great capacity for sympathy, but is perhaps too diffident and too retiring. There is a lack of self-confidence and assertiveness. But he has his own opinions."

Of Paula Allen, Madame Boole confided to *News Review:* "Her brain is exceptionally large for a woman's. Full of energy, vitality and determination, she is mentally tougher than her friend."

Now London, which no longer rejects anything as "unbelievable," hears that the Duke of Kent is running off for a holiday with his favorite brother in Austria. At Enzesfeld, ousted Edward, the Duke of Windsor, lunched informally in a Viennese Hotel with his friend, ousted Alfonso XIII, ex-King of Spain. Later, Edward met failure trying to swap pipes with an aged gardener at the Rothschild estate (Edward's pipe cost only 80 cents; the gardener's was worth $1.60).

Protest—From her quiet cache on the Riviera, Mrs. Wallis Simpson protested "against a series of articles by Newbold Noyes, styling himself her cousin, in various newspapers throughout the world." She has retained Maitre Armand Gregoire, Paris attorney, to "defend her interests."

Answering her attack from New York, Noyes challenged: "I can only tell you that if for some reason incomprehensible to me you go forward with a repudiation of the effort I have made in your behalf, I shall use every legitimate means to protect my name and professional reputation from such betrayal."

Making public the communications between Mrs. Simpson and himself, Newbold Noyes, son of Frank Noyes, President of the Associated Press, publisher and owner of the Washington *Star,* plans to stand by every statement made in his syndicated articles. Mrs. Simpson's chief objection was that an impression was created that she had a financial interest in the articles (*$26,000 was the sum rumored to have* been paid to writer Noyes).

"Cousins"—As to the relationship angle, Mr. Noyes says: "Mrs. Simpson, I understand, denies that I am her cousin. That is true. The foreword to the articles I wrote merely states that I was her cousin by marriage, which is true."

Frantically from Cannes Mrs. Simpson cabled: "How does sale of articles to European newspapers help correct wrong impression of me in America? . . . You have hurt me by creating a strong general impression here that I received financial interest. . . . Last thing I want is to deny long friendship with you."

After attempting to make Atlantic telephone connections with the Villa *Lou Viei,* Noyes cabled: "Sale of articles to European newspapers entirely up to the syndicate to which I sold them in order to get best American distribution. I advised you December 15 that Continental papers would publish them. I regret the preposterous canard that you have profited financially by my articles."

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SPANISH THREAT: Morocco Situation Tries Patience of Britain and France

Last week, war-scared Europe almost forgot that Rightists and Leftists were waging a Gargantuan battle for Madrid and the rule of Spain. Cautious, vaguely-worded warnings of Foreign Offices snatched the glaring head-lines, rumbled of troubles ahead.

The Titanic struggle between fascism and democracy for control of hapless Spain had spread across the Mediterranean to Morocco, menaced Anglo-French control about the Straits of Gibraltar.

Faint, until last week, had been the protests of Whitehall and the Quai d'Orsay against the sending of men, money and munitions to rebel Gen. Francisco Franco by Germany's Hitler and Italy's Mussolini. The Russians, said London, were aiding the Loyalist Government; and not even little Portugal's betrayal of a 300-year-old friendship could persuade the British to indorse the Valencia Government of Premier Francisco Largo Caballero.

Threat—But last week the zealous French Intelligence unearthed something in the mystic mountains of the Riff which altered matters on the Thames and on the Seine—something that reminded uneasy Europeans of Wilhelm II, the *Panther* and Agadir.*

To Paris went bulky *dossiers* detailing elaborate and apparently rapidly spreading Nazi activities in Spanish Morocco, obviously undertaken with the consent or connivance of General Franco, and centering at Tetuan, Melilla and Ceuta. As far back as last September, French agents revealed, the Germans had been slowly penetrating the whilom empire of the Moors—building barracks, modernizing ports, installing engineers to speed up exploitation of Riff mines, fomenting trouble among French Moroccan subjects and, worst of all, perhaps, constructing fortifications at Ceuta, directly opposite Gibraltar.

"We learned about this German infiltration in Morocco," a Quai d'Orsay spokesman stated, "through documents seized by government authorities in raids on German buildings in Barcelona and Madrid."

Patience—Having weathered similar provocations since the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War, London and Paris stretched their patience and refused to consider the Nazi penetration of Morocco another Agadir incident. Working in perfect unison, they dispatched a note through London inviting Italy, Germany, Russia and Portugal to take part in a plan that would extend control over Spanish ports and thus prevent further shipments of volunteers and armaments to either belligerent.

French colonial experts were more perturbed, however, and hastily advised the construction of a naval base at history-making Agadir. What Paris feared was that Germany's activities in concert with the Spanish Insurgents might endanger French Morocco's unfortified coast with strong fortifications in Rio del Oro, Ifni and the Canary Islands, Spain's North African possessions.

No less perturbed for the safety of Gibraltar, Britain ordered giant naval maneuvers of her entire Home Fleet and the powerful Mediterranean contingents to mass about the Straits early in March. Beginning on January 18, the fleets will anchor off Gibraltar and Malta, respectively. France's Atlantic Fleet, meanwhile, was instructed to concentrate near Casablanca, Morocco, "in case they are needed in connection with the Spanish crisis."

Exchange—To correlate their plans and double-check on Nazi-Insurgent activities in North Africa, the French were reported to have proposed to London a confidential exchange of naval information between their fleets in Moroccan waters.

While weighing the French proposal, Anthony Eden, British Foreign Minister, instructed his Consul-General at Tetuan to report fully on the existence and activities of foreigners in the Spanish zone, with a view to determining whether they are military experts.

Tho conciliatory, the British note hinted that strict neutrality could only be enforced if the participants were willing "loyally and whole-heartedly to carry out their undertakings."

The innuendo was not missed by Premier Mussolini, who, despite his pact with Britain regarding a *status quo* in the Mediterranean, landed troops in Spain again last week, and continued to reenforce his bases in the Balearic Islands. The Nazi press, on the other hand, poohpoohed the charge that Germans were guilty of dispatching reenforcements and munitions in violation of the neutrality accord.

Raids—Tending to confirm reports of extensive German-Italian aid to General Franco's Foreign Legionnaires were last week's stubborn and redoubled attacks on Madrid. After weeks of shilly-shallying, the Insurgent major drive was launched, with air-bombers taking the lead. Night raids against the former Spanish capital waxed terrific, taking a toll of more than one hundred *Madrilenos* during the week and wounding scores of cowering civilians.

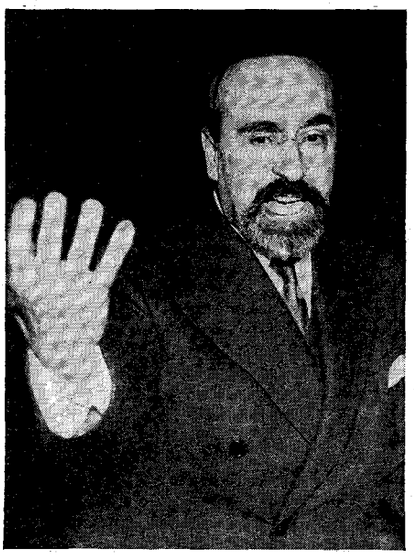
This time, the Insurgent offensive was centered about the northern and western districts of the city, while fourteen *Junkers* bombers raked the British Embassy and Government buildings. Led by gaunt Gen. Emilio Mola, Insurgent northern commander-in-chief, Moors and Legionnaires swiftly captured Aravaca, seven miles northwest of Madrid on the Escorial Road, while the other wing cleared Casa de Campo, across the river west of Madrid.

Herbert L. Matthews, New York *Times* Madrid correspondent, cabled:

"From a war of movement, this conflict has changed into a war of position. The change in position to-day as compared with yesterday would be hardly noticeable, except on a large-scale map. . . . Even placing the worst interpretation on the situation, it must be admitted that the Insurgent leader has made surprizingly little progress. . . . The Government can continue to pour more and more troops into battle, for it has a relatively great mass of power to call on, while Franco's resources are limited."

Confidence—Likewise confident of the Leftists' ultimate success was scholarly, bewhiskered Dr. Fernando de Los Rios, Spanish Ambassador to the United States. Last week he told interviewers in New York that the Loyalist Government "will win because it has the help and assistance of the people and the Rebels have not. Their only hope is the assistance of some foreign countries."

*On July 1, 1911, the German gunboat *Panther* appeared before the town of Agadir, French Morocco, "in order to protect German interests," and fired a round at the town. War seemed imminent, but Great Britain stepped in and opposed Germany's attempts to obtain political rights. The outcome was the treaty of November 4, 1911, between France and Germany, granting the latter permission to occupy points where order had to be maintained. The following year, at the Conference of Algeciras, Germany gave up all rights to Agadir.



Ambassador Fernando de Los Rios: "the Loyalist Government will win"

ANGRY TURKS: Territory Lost to Syria Starts Sharp Growling Against France

Within the bowl formed by the foothills that abut on Syria's Mediterranean-washed northern coast, the picturesque town of Alexandretta (*Iskanderun*) has seen more than 2,269 years of political changes. Founded in 333 B.C. to mark Alexander the Great's victory over the Persians, it passed under Roman, Arab

Wide World

Kemal Ataturk: his pledge to his countrymen thwarted by France

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and Turkish rule until, at the end of the Great War, it became part of France's Syrian Mandate.

Its sallow-faced, polyglot citizens—Arabs, Turks, Kurds, Circassians, Armenians and Greeks—defy the fever of its mountain-locked climate and ply a brisk trade with the Syrian *hinterland*, as their ancestors did with caravans of old, for its gulf is Syria's best harbor. From ancient times, soldiers have always considered its strategic position as the conqueror's most direct gateway to Syria, as its storied hills command the Beilan Pass, between the mountains Rhossus and Amanus.

Tho part of the Syrian Republic since 1920, the *Sanjak* (administrative division) of Alexandretta includes the equally ancient town of Antioch, about forty-five miles to the south. Granted local autonomy in 1925, it was merged five years later with Syria. Shrewdly, however, the French allowed its racial and religious elements educational and religious freedom. When, last September, the French signed a treaty with Syria and Lebanon, granting them independence beginning in 1939, the *Sanjak* was included in Syria, while Lebanon was made into a separate Republic.

Anger—Last week, Kemal Atätürk, lifetime President of the contiguous Turkish Republic, suddenly fanned Nationalist tempers in Syria to white heat when he summoned his Cabinet to Ankara and secretly conferred with his Army General Staff. Iron-willed, he thus showed his impatience because the French Ambassador, Henri Ponsot, had returned from Paris empty-handed and apologetic for not having convinced the Blum Cabinet of Atätürk's claims to the *Sanjak*.

Outwardly calm, the benevolent Dictator's pride was deeply hurt, for a few weeks before he had publicly promised his Europeanized countrymen that "the great and important question which night and day occupies our entire nation is the fate of Alexandretta and Antioch and their vicinity. On this question we are pledged to stand firmly and resolutely."

Early last month, he sent his wily Foreign Minister, Tewfik Rushdu Aras, to the League of Nations to protest the *Sanjak's* inclusion in Syria. Politely, Aras had told Geneva that Alexandretta was "conditionally abandoned" as Turkish territory in 1920, and asked the nations to "adopt interim measures of protection to insure the safety of the Turkish people of the *Sanjak*, whose lives and liberties are endangered."

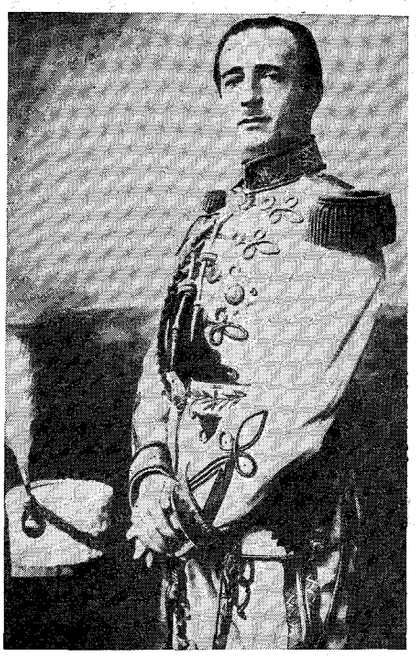
France objected to what might amount to an international police force, but tactfully agreed to let the League dispatch a committee of three to study the population problem and report by January 18.

Surprise Move—Fearing an adverse decision, Atätürk thought of benefiting by France's preoccupation with Spanish and Nazi troubles and threatened to mobilize his highly mechanized Army, flouting the French Foreign Office's disclosure that Paris maintains more than 30,000 white and colonial troops in Syria.

Solidly supporting Atätürk, the Turkish press claimed a vast majority in Alexandretta and accused France of failing to keep her pledge of encouraging the Turkish language and culture there. Heatedly, the militant press termed France's cession of the district to Syria "a high-handed outrage," especially as it was done without consulting Ankara. Further serving to inflame Turkish public opinion was the rumor that the district's population was being forced to take part in the forthcoming elections for the Syrian Parliament.

Refuting Ankara's claim of 420,000, of whom 80 per cent. are Turkish, Syrians adduce 1933 census figures to show that the *Sanjak* has a population of 89,688 Arabs, including Alaouites (Moslem sectarians) and Christians; 70,843 Turks; 23,552 Armenians; 1,810 Kurds and 1,097 Circassians.

Changes—"It is apparent that Atätürk wishes to include the Armenians, who obviously hold the balance, in his so-called Turkish majority," wrote Ara Timourian, Associate Editor of the New York *Armenian Spectator*, a weekly. "But the Turks of Alexandretta and Antioch have their own schools and churches and only speak Turkish because most of them were driven from their homes in Turkey proper."



Wide World

King Zog will accept million-dollar bride

"The French press alleges," cabled John Elliott, Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that the Ankara Government has organized *comitadji* (terrorist) bands, which have penetrated into Alexandretta and Antioch, stirring up the population in favor of independence for the *Sanjak*."

Charges in Cairo—Maintaining that the French protected and encouraged the Turkish movement in Syria, *Al Mokattam*, one of Cairo's leading Arabic dailies, finds that their object was "to uphold the religious and racial minorities against the Arab majority, which has always been opposed to the Mandate. Now that the Franco-Syrian Treaty has been consummated, the Arabs are on the best of terms with the French and the Turks are profitting by the period of transition to demand much more than was envisaged by the Treaty of 1921."

According to the 1921 Franklin Bouillon or Treaty of Angora, Cilicia was ceded to Turkey and France pledged itself to "institute a special administrative system for the *Sanjak* of Alexandretta, and all its inhabitants of Turkish origin shall obtain facilities for advancing their culture; Turkish shall be considered the official language." In the secret annexes to the Treaty, according to *Al Mokattam*, the Turkish delegate, Yusuf Kemal Bey, demanded and obtained for the Turks of Alexandretta the right to fly the Turkish banner over their homes and ships.

KING ZOG, SUITOR: Albanian Monarch Would Wed Cash or Royalty, if Moslem

For years, even Europe's proud tho impoverished royalty has considered King Zog I of Albania a most eligible bachelor. Across the Atlantic, however, Chicago's unmarried heiresses were cold and fearful, for the American press filled them with misapprehensions by retailing lurid accounts of the vendetta-hounded Moslem monarch, who puffs a gross of perfumed cigarettes daily to while away the tedium of his modest and wifeless palace at Tirana, the Capital.

Last week, at least one thousand powerful Albanian chieftains, simmering with blood feud, sought to avenge themselves on the closely guarded and self-styled descendant of Alexander the Great, for the rumor ran through the mountain villages that he was really intent on marrying beautiful, nineteen-year-old Countess Johanna von Mikes, a Hungarian Catholic.

A year ago, the King-Dictator's countrymen rocked Tirana with a word-of-mouth campaign that warned him against marital ties with foreigners and offered to forget their feuds if he agreed to wed comely Fatima, daughter of Shefquti Bey. They wanted him to wed a Moslem and thus reassure them that succession would be kept within the Faith.

Love Out—Brooking no opposition to his plan of marrying into either noble blood or a bank-roll, Zog had the twenty-three ringleaders tried and sentenced to death. He then blithely told the world that he would consider marriage with an heiress having an income of about a million dollars a year, and offered marriage-brokers a $5,000 fee for such an eligible Queen.

Quick to jump at the offer was a Portuguese marriage-broker, who had the Hungarian Countess fly to the King's Palace before Christmas. But when the Countess returned home to Budapest a few days later, she announced:

"I can not yet speak. Officially, nothing has happened."

But Budapest society knew better, and buzzed with rumors that her family objected both to the King's comparatively slim yearly income of $250,000 and to his Moslem faith, which he wished her to embrace. At the same time, the forty-one-year-old Monarch went through a face-saving gesture by issuing a statement denying he intended to marry the young Countess.

Eligible—For years cemented with the Fascist régime of Premier Mussolini, who uses his country as a buffer State between Greece and Jugoslavia and as a strategic position from the heel of Italy across the bottle-neck of the Adriatic, King Zog cuts one of the most picturesque figures in Europe. Youngest of European kings, the Albanian Beau Brummel is tall, lithe and lean. Fearless and a crack shot, he is as

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nimble as a mountain-goat, an accomplished linguist and a master of court decorum, with great personal charm.

A lover of pomp and fanfare, he ordered a $5,000 wardrobe from Paris a year before he was made King in 1928, and on the day of his accession he had 101 rounds of cannons to salute him, as he strutted on his Palace balcony in rose-colored breeches, gold braid shining all over his august person. To keep on a level with royal houses, he had the jewelers of Milan fit him with a golden crown that weighs seven and five-eighth pounds, besides golden spurs and a jeweled scepter.

Faced with the constitutional clause which bars the King of Albania from marrying a commoner, King Zog had his four spinster sisters elevated to the rank of Princesses, hoping some day Kemal Atätürk, President of Turkey, would marry one of them. But the Turkish Dictator dispelled his hopes and the constitutional clause, which he had dictated, was turned against him last year, when the Moslem chieftains answered his objection to Fatima by hinting that he create her a Princess.

A few years ago, he became enamored of a Viennese *danseuse*, a gorgeous blonde whom he intended to make his Queen. But the Moslem old fogies waxed furious because she was a dancer and a Christian. Wisely, Zog parted from her and confined himself to his favorite poker games, virtually his only sources of amusement in Tirana, where night-clubs and theaters do not exist.

CLIVE OF INDIA: Britain's Might in Orient Was Start of Chinese Opium Trade

Poor in school, obstreperous at home, eighteen-year-old Robert Clive was packed off to India 194 years ago to be disciplined as a clerk in the East India Company, then vested with the administration of all England's colonial possessions east of the Cape of Good Hope.

At thirty-two, with a hundred soldiers for each year of his age and with ten field pieces, he faced 50,000 troops and fifty-three heavy guns commanded by the Nawab Suraj ud Dowlah of Bengal.

Not in fighting mood that day, Clive was relieved when rain, steaming from the eastern monsoon, nearly washed his little army and the Nawab's big one off the field.

He remembered in the downpour to cover his guns and his powder with tarpaulins, something the Nawab forgot; and thereby won an Empire.

Observing the bores of their own big thunderers filled with water, and assuming that Clive's guns were likewise useless, the Bengalese took advantage of a lull in the storm to charge, were mowed down in windrows, driven back to camp; and, when Clive shoved his dry guns nearer, blown out of camp and scattered over the plain.

At a cost of twenty-three killed and forty-nine wounded, Clive won the Battle of Plassey, broke the backbone of resistance in Bengal, established British supremacy in India.

Early Trade—In China, opium was little known, little used, until the East India Company's sailing vessels began unloading

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Feng Yu-hsiang: "I urge immediate execution"

it in the Canton go-downs* in 1773. Chinese junks and Portuguese craft brought not more than 200 chests a year.

In 1776, when the American colonies revolted, the East India Company landed 1,000 opium-chests at Canton; 5,000 in 1780; 16,000 a year between 1820 and 1830. By 1836, Councillor Chao Tsun wrote to Chinese Emperor Taou Kwang:

"Now the English are a race of foreigners called Hung maou (red-haired devils); and in introducing opium into this country, their purpose has been to weaken the Chinese Empire."

Soon thereafter, the Emperor's son died of opium poisoning; and on March 10, 1839, Commissioner Lin brought to Canton an Imperial decree that all ports should be closed to "barbarians."

"I find . . . on storage vessels," read the Imperial proclamation, "several times 10,000 chests of opium . . . illicitly for sale. . . . Deliver to the Government every particle . . . that it may be destroyed and the evil extirpated. . . . Let the foreigners give a bond . . . never to bring opium again."

*Warehouses at the water's edge beyond which foreign devils were not permitted to advance ashore.

Hi-Jacking—Gongs boomed around the go-downs. Chinese servants fled. The red-haired devils made their own beds, cooked their own meals, feared for their lives, as yelling crowds of celestials shouted strange curses from the open space before the storehouses; and at length, as ransom, surrendered 20,283 cases of the drug, valued then at £2,000,000. It was burned.

By November, 1839, Her Majesty's men-o'-war *Volage* and *Hyacinth* (England had not yet taken to naming her ships *Invincible* and *Audacious*), faced sixteen Chinese war-junks and thirteen fire-rafts, seven miles from Canton River.

In one hour, China's armada was "all sunk, dispersed or flying." Canton was blockaded.

"Detestable race," wrote Lin to the Emperor, "trusting entirely to their strong ships and large guns."

"Their aim will be made unsteady by the waves," he added, still promising victory, "while we, in our forts, with our larger guns, can more steadily return the fire. Tho waterproof, their ships are not fire-proof. We may easily burn them."

Conquest—Two months later, the ninety-eight shore guns in British hands, British ships shelling ports all up and down the coast, Emperor Taou wrote irritably:

"We appointed Lin to manage the subject of opium at Canton; he has caused the barbarians to repair to the vicinity of our Capital. What state of affairs is this?"

Sepoy troops, armed with British muskets, refused to be properly frightened when the Emperor's Tatars fired their "whistling arrows" (whistling because instead of points they had ball-tips with holes in them). It was bewildering. Was not China a giant, the country of the red-haired devils a pigmy?

August, 1842, saw the Chinese defeated everywhere. Emperor Taou, pacing his corridor all day, stamped his foot and "affixed the vermilion pencil" to the treaty by which he agreed:

That since the English "need a port where they may careen and refit their ships," the Island of Hongkong "shall be theirs in perpetuity."

That instead of trading only with Hong

European

Chinese family with its opium harvest: war-lords forced farmers to raise the poppy

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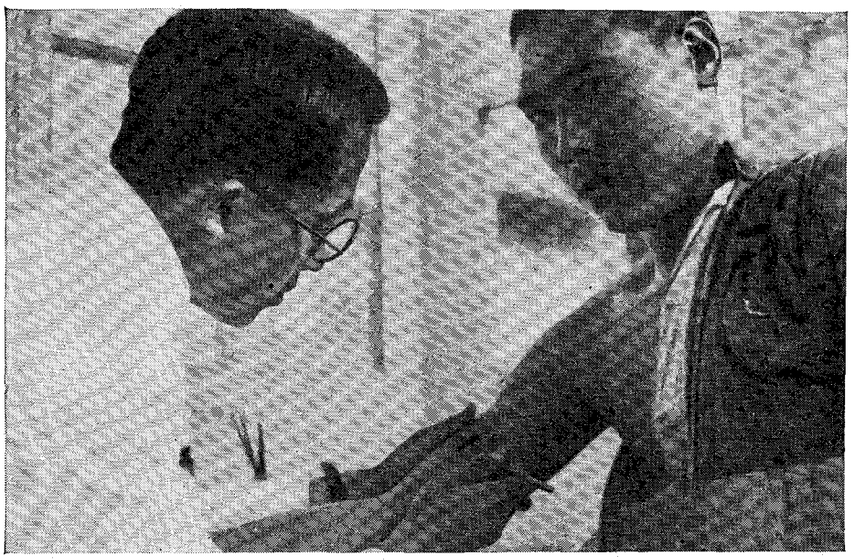

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An opium-smuggler is branded on his right arm, the penalty for a first offender

merchants in the Canton warehouses, they should be free to trade where they pleased.

That British subjects should be allowed to reside without molestation or restraint in Canton, Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo and Shanghai.

That the Emperor should pay the British $6,000,000 as the value of the opium seized at Canton.

And that "the English, having been obliged to send out an expedition to demand and obtain redress . . . the Emperor of China agrees to pay $12,000,000 on account of expenses incurred."

Tho continuation of the opium trade was not mentioned or authorized in the treaty, it was resumed, not at Canton alone, but at all the Treaty Ports.

Ruse—Since they had to take it, the Chinese decided to raise it themselves, keep the money at home and, by taxes on it, recoup the indemnity paid to England.

Provincial Governors encouraged cultivation. Every Province produced it. By 1906, 22,588 tons were used by some 13,500,000 Chinese.

During the civil wars following the overthrow of the Empire, war-lords forced farmers to raise the poppy until, for every grain imported, probably 100 pounds were produced in China, with the toleration of officials. (And why not, considering the profit to them from taxes, "squeeze," franchises and local monopolies?)

War-lords grew rich taxing the seed when it was sown, the ground at $200 an acre, and the crop when harvested, besides collecting a fine for "lawbreaking" and a transit tax when the stuff went to the coast in boats or by caravan.

When Japan took Manchuria, the opium ordinarily raised there was (and still is) peddled in China by Koreans who, as Japanese subjects, enjoy—like Americans and Englishmen—extraterritorial immunity from Chinese courts.

Early in 1935, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, as "Superintendent General of the Opium Suppression Commission," issued new regulations, ordered first offenders branded, opened clinics (addicts can now get free treatment at 810 establishments, special and general), set 1940 as dead-line for complete eradication of the traffic.

Just before he was kidnaped last month, Chiang decreed, as a short cut, that beginning New Year's day, addicts, merchants, growers who had not changed their ways be executed forthwith.

Saved—To 5,000 Peipingese gathered on January 1 outside the Tatar wall, where 2,000 coffins were stacked, to see the fun, police announced: "No killings to-day." Nor would there be any, they said, until the three-day New Year holiday was over.

A week later, there were still none; tho all the clinics were jammed with hysterical addicts begging for cures.

Last week, gongs boomed in many villages near Shanghai and Nanking. Opium-pipes were burned in huge bonfires. Hundreds of bewildered coolies, unable to get into any hospital or clinic, or to find any cure, were rushing into police stations in the hope of refuge. Hundreds of quacks were coining money hand over fist, offering to "cure any one from addiction in seven hours."

In the three cities most observed by foreigners—Shanghai, Tientsin and Peiping—there was little sign of anything but a scare. In Tientsin, 400 dens were in full operation. The only action was against the "hospital" which had treated 15,000 addicts in 1936; it was ordered closed. Six addicts only were arrested there during the first four days of the year.

Grace of from three weeks to three months was debated by officials everywhere; and only burly (once Christian) General Feng Yu-hsiang shouted:

"I urge immediate execution."

Mayor Wu Teh-chen of Shanghai said there would be no mass executions in his city; tho possibly, "individually, and in small groups," some might die.

In 1935, dealers and addicts "executed individually and in small groups" numbered 964.

Last Friday Lu Ju-hsin was paraded through Peiping streets to the city garbage dump, where, before 10,000 witnesses, he was forced to his knees, shot through the head, and carted to potter's field.

FOREIGN FLASHES

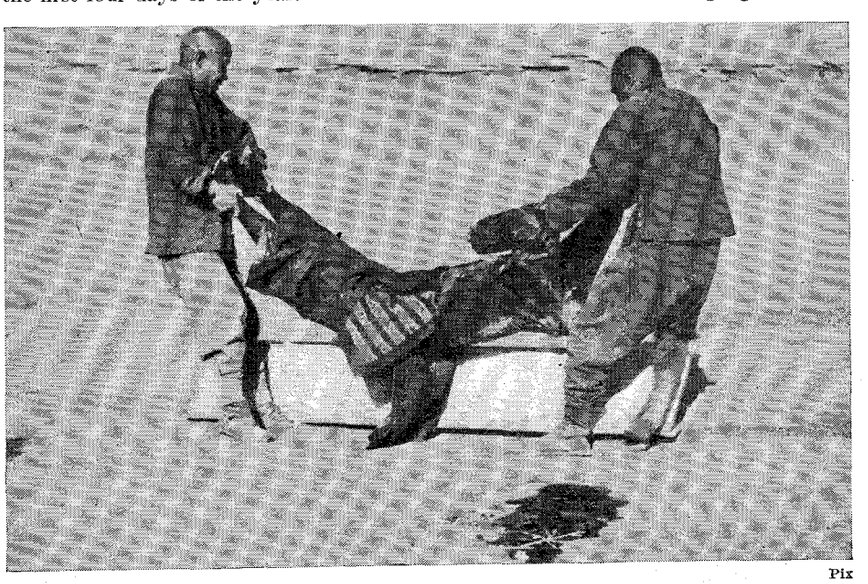
Munich—The new Nazi "Mother Goose," with "The Jew" as bogy man, ogre, Big Bad Wolf, seducing, poisoning, betraying handsome Nordics, has sold 50,000 copies. Jews are pictured in bright children's-book colors as puffy, pig-eyed, parrot-beaked, lasciviously smirking; "The German" as golden blond, lean, square-chinned, blue-eyed, heroically determined. Author of the Nazi nursery rimes is kindergarten teacher Elvira Bauer.

* * *

Gibraltar—Local legend is that Britain will hold Gibraltar only until the last of the wild apes of the Rock dies. To impress superstitious Spaniards, the British Government feeds, breeds, guards the apes, makes it illegal to harm them. When the troop dwindled to two age-withered females a few years ago, Rock officials imported new ape blood. Ape population is now twelve.

* * *

Prague—King Carol gave Czech schoolchildren the jitters by bouncing into Prague to express Rumania's sudden affection for Czechoslovakia. Diplomacy required that they sing Rumania's National Anthem as if they had always known it. Suspending other classes, they practised for a week, sang it in Rumanian. To guard against recurring embarrassment, the Education Ministry had decreed that all schoolchildren also learn the Yugoslav Anthem in the Serbian language.



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Death to the second offender; tho there will be no mass executions, coffins outside the city will await individual culprits

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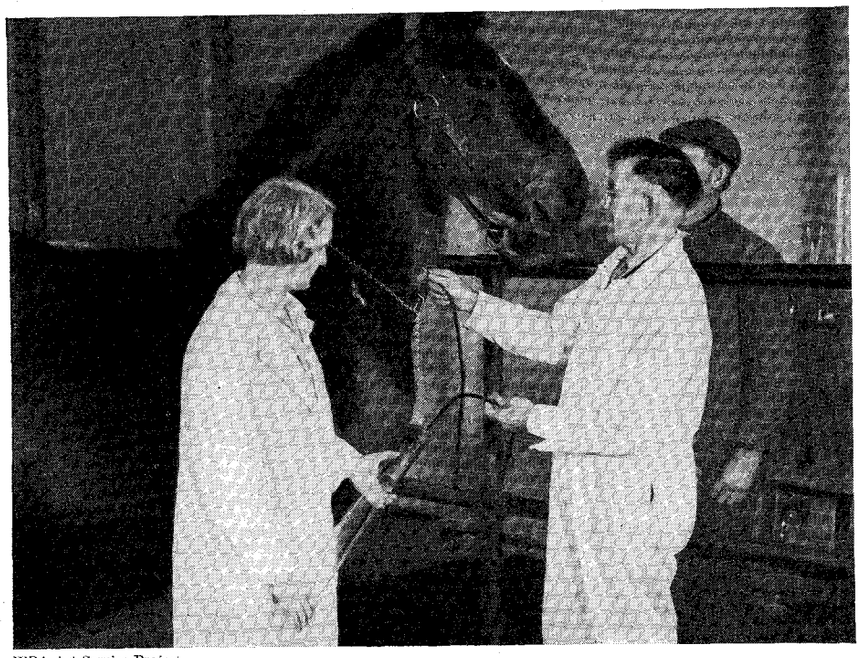
PNEUMONIA: SCOURGE OF WINTER DAYS

Speedy Injection of Proper Serum Will Save Most Victims



WPA Art Service Project

Horses are the source of pneumococcus serum for human injection

"The pneumococcic days are come, the saddest of the year."

Thus a medical Bryant might well have described the months of January, February, March, April. Sad they certainly are for the victims of pneumonia, Public Killer No. 3.

Pneumonia, influenza and the common cold are a vicious triumvirate which find the weather of winter and early spring tailor-made to their deadly purposes. Doctors take colds and "flu" more seriously than their patients because they realize these illnesses broadcast an invitation to respiratory disease. Most common colds and influenza cases do not turn into pneumonia, of course.

But their presence indicates that body resistance is low; in effect, they are display advertisements inviting microbes to move in and set up housekeeping in the weakened system.

Epidemic—Last week, New York City, Minneapolis, Denver, Milwaukee, Chicago reported sharp increases in pneumonia and influenza cases. Last week, also, Europe wheezed and sniffled in the grip of a mild but wide-spread influenza epidemic. Starting in Germany late last fall, the disease swept across the Channel to England, spread to France and Italy. Among the estimated one million British sufferers last week were the new Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Queen Mary, H. G. Wells.

Americans are three and a half times as likely to be struck down by pneumonia as by an automobile. In this first quarter of the New Year, the disease will cut down a large proportion of the 100,000 victims who will swell its death roll in 1937. Cancer and heart disease rank ahead of pneumonia as mass killers, but they strike usually in the later decades of life. Not so pneumonia. No age is immune, but principally pneumonia mows down breadwinners between the ages of twenty-five and sixty-five.

Serum—Twenty per cent. of all pneumonia cases terminate fatally. Yet the startling message of modern medicine is this: Out of every four who die of lobar pneumonia, three die needlessly. For the most widespread types of pneumonia, a serum is available which is definitely curative if injected in time. The development of this serum is one of the brightest chapters of medicine, ranking with the discovery of insulin, the use of arsphenamin in syphilis, the development of smallpox vaccine. It is to-day the principal hope of subjugating pneumonia.

There is no practical way of controlling the spread of pneumonia. Efforts to decrease atmospheric dust, eliminate crowding, prevent sneezing, avoid fatigue or overdrinking, have alike proved futile. At present, therefore, pneumonia must be controlled by being cured.

In the hospital of the Rockefeller Institute, where the serum was developed, all pneumonia cases are serum-treated. Consider these startling figures: Cases treated on the fifth day of infection, or later, show a death-rate of 19.5 per cent.—virtually equal to the general pneumonia fatality rate of 20 per cent. But cases treated on the fourth day of infection have a death-rate of only 8.6 per cent. and those receiving serum during the first three days of pneumonia have a death-rate of but 4.8 per cent.

Thus, if treated early enough, serum gives the pneumonia victim not a better-than-average chance of recovery, but a four-to-one probability.

This striking demonstration of what can be done to control pneumonia has its somber side. In many parts of the country the laboratory analysis which must determine the type of serum to be used is not readily available. Some patients object to the treatment from fear of serum-sickness. When the serum was first experimented with two decades ago, its effectiveness was questionable; many people and some physicians recall its early failures. In those days, not so long ago as time is reckoned, pneumonia was regarded as a single disease caused by a specific organism. To-day it is known that pneumonia may be of many types.

Germs—The pneumococcus is a strange germ. It is really not accurate to call it "a" germ; actually, it is an entire family of microbes, each differing from the other as an aunt differs from an uncle, a nephew from a cousin. Thirty-two types of pneumococcus germs have been isolated, and there may be more of them. None of them creates a special form of pneumonia. The particular type which is causing the trouble in a victim can be determined only by laboratory analysis of the sputum. This analysis is indispensable to serum treatment, for each type is susceptible to its own serum alone, quite immune to serum from any other type.

There are other germs that cause pneumonia, too—streptococcus, staphylococcus, Friedlander's bacillus. These are immune to any known serum. Doctors identify pneumonia by its type—Type I, Type II, and so on. Fortunately Types I and II are responsible for 60 per cent. of all cases of lobar pneumonia. Type I is the most effective serum of all; Type II is less specific, but still indispensable. The effectiveness of other types is still doubtful.

1913—Twenty-four years ago this week, on January 18, 1913, the first pneumonia guinea-pig underwent serum treatment. This dramatic milestone of medicine was reported in the December issue of *The American Journal of Public Health* by Dr. Rufus Cole of the Rockefeller Institute, pioneering leader in the development of the serum.

The patient was Ernest Schaffhouser, a sailor, suffering from Type I pneumonia of two days' duration. At 2:30 in the afternoon 100 c.c. of the serum were injected into a vein of his arm. Two hours later, he felt much better. Eight hours after the first injection, he was given another one. The next morning his pulse and temperature were normal. He was well.

Significantly enough, the first pneumonia serum treatment was given within forty-eight hours, proved immediately effective. To-day speed remains one of the principal requisites for success. After the first forty-eight hours have elapsed, serum is decreasingly effective until, after the fifth day, it effects few recoveries. For that reason these words of Doctor Cole are vital:

"Most patients threatened with pneumonia have pneumonia. When, either with or without preceding respiratory symptoms, the patient has a chill, fever over 102 degrees, cough, sharp pain in the chest, rapid respirations, and above all, when the sputum is blood-tinged, this person, in the great majority of cases, has pneumonia."

Diagnosis—To determine what type pneumonia the patient has, a sample of his sputum is sent to the laboratory for immediate analysis. This can be made in half an hour. Assuming that the pneumococci in the sputum are Type I, the physician immediately proceeds to administer the type serum to the patient. First he drops a small amount of dilute serum

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into one eye, injects some under the skin of the arm to determine sensitivity. Thus the rare danger of anaphylaxis (hypersensitive reaction) can be discovered and modified before the serum is administered. Pneumococcus serum is made from horses, infected with stronger and stronger doses of germs until their blood develops resistance. Then the blood serum is drawn off painlessly and used for human injection.

As is the case with other antidisease serums, pneumonia serum often causes serum sickness of which patients are needlessly fearful. Symptoms appear from three to ten days after the injections. Hives appear, the joints ache, there is headache, a sense of heaviness, general "miseries."

But serum sickness is never fatal, and obviously a few hours of itching and discomfort vastly overbalance days of pneumonia agonies and death. Too, serum which used to be given in 100 c.c. doses (nearly three ounces, or a small medicine bottleful) is now available in concentrated doses of 30 c.c., minimizing the violence and probability of serum reaction.

Crusade—A complete pneumonia serum treatment costs about $50, a figure prohibitive in many cases. This fact, plus the need of immediate laboratory diagnosis, has brought New York State to the point of mobilizing an antipneumonia crusade with a threefold plan of attack: (1) educational—the State Department of Health is recruiting a civilian army to explain the facts of pneumonia control, spreading the doctrine of early care, prompt diagnosis, serum treatment; (2) establishing laboratories for the immediate typing of germ cultures from patients' throats—to-day, there are 108 such laboratories in New York State, available to any local doctor by car, train, special delivery mail; (3) arranging for the free laboratory distribution of Type I serum to doctors. (Types V, VII, VIII are thus far available only through private firms.)

The State of Massachusetts was the first to inaugurate a pneumonia-control program. Within a decade such methods will doubtless be as much a part of every State medical program as are diphtheria and smallpox control, will possibly reduce the death-toll charged to the third greatest killer of Americans by 50 per cent.

Other Methods—There are recognized methods of pneumonia treatment other than by serum; the oxygen tent is widely used to aid the damaged lungs of pneumonia patients in absorbing this life-giving principle. But in the words of Doctor Cole: "The administration of oxygen and drugs to relieve special symptoms have been found valuable, but even if employed with all possible skill, it does not seem that they can have a very marked effect in reducing mortality rates."

The death-dealing properties of the pneumococcus lie not in suffocation or "drowning" from water in the lungs, as many think. Both those conditions may appear, but they are secondary. What kills the patient is the toxin set free in the blood stream by the microbes. This poison affects the heart, may stop it altogether. The disease is classified into the lobar form and bronchopneumonia. Either may be fatal. Lobar pneumonia (so-called from its infection of an entire lobe of the lung) is the type caused by pneumococcus germs, could be more specifically described as pneumococcic pneumonia. Bronchopneumonia occurs mostly as a complication of some other disease, derives its name from the fact that it occurs first in the bronchi, the tubes admitting air to the lungs. Lobar or pneumococcic pneumonia is the type susceptible to serum treatment.

Crisis—The familiar pneumonia "crisis" is something of a misnomer. The so-called crisis is merely an indication that the system has succeeded in setting up its own antibodies to combat the pneumococcus. In pneumonia this happens abruptly. The antibodies assert themselves; the fever drops, breathing becomes easier, pulse slower, signs of recovery appear often within three or four hours. Doctors call this rapid change a "crisis" because of its speed, not because recovery hangs in the balance at this point. Treatment given during the crisis is likely to be too late. The patient is probably getting well anyway. Often there is no crisis, but a gradual recovery.

There is genuine hope that some day a process of artificial immunization against pneumonia will be developed; a vaccine, perhaps, as in smallpox. But at present the only method of controlling the spread of infection is to isolate the patient, for pneumonia is an infectious disease which is spread by the pneumococci from the victim's mouth. Before the doctor comes, the only nursing care to be given a patient is to keep him in bed, warm, well "watered." Give him all the water he wants to drink. Water helps clear the system of poisons.

Belts—Strangely enough, pneumonia is not evenly distributed throughout the United States. The country has two clear-cut pneumonia belts. The Eastern belt follows the Atlantic Coast-line. The second is the Rocky Mountain pneumonia belt, including Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada. A cold climate is not necessarily reflected in increased pneumonia mortality; South Dakota, for instance, has the lowest pneumonia rate in the United States, while South Carolina, Georgia, Arizona and New Mexico, with relatively warm climates, are among the highest. The viciousness of pneumonia seems to vary in a three-year cycle.

The best preventive steps which medicine can recommend to avoid serious respiratory disease are these: Go to bed early in the sickness. Eat plenty of nourishing food. Drink plenty of water. Sleep a full eight hours nightly. Keep the house well-ventilated. Dress according to the weather. Use your own towel in houses where there are colds. Keep away from people with colds. Go to a doctor instead of experimenting with "cures." Isolate the stricken ones from other members of the family.

PHOBISTS ALL: To Cure Morbid Fears, Find Their Cause, Psychology Says

Two men walked down a busy city street, conversing animatedly, glowing with the visceral content which ensues upon a pleasant lunch. Around the corner of a building a few yards ahead of them, a young girl suddenly appeared. She smiled fondly upon a frisky, fuzzy-eyed terrier capering at the end of a leash.

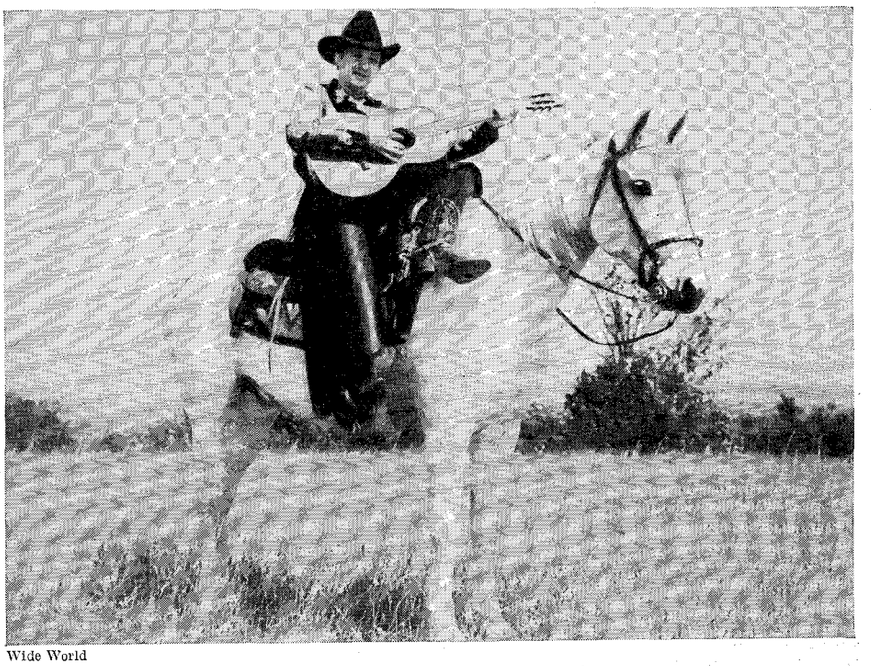
The taller of the two men, a husky six-footer with a bulldog jaw, stopped, stricken in his tracks. His ruddy face went chalk-white. His muscular body trembled convulsively. Into his glazing eyes, fixed in fascination upon the puppy, crept a look of utter terror.

Like a man possessed of demons he bolted across the street, sprinted blindly for a couple of blocks. When his companion caught up with him, he found his friend perspiring and pallid.

"What happened, *Jim?*" demanded the puzzled friend. "You're white as a sheet!"

Answer—All that had happened, as *Jim* managed to stammer sheepishly, was that he had seen a dog. *Jim* himself didn't know why, but the sight of the friendly terrier had terrified him. *Jim* was one of the countless possessors of a phobia. Psychologists have a word for his particular complaint—*cynophobia,* a morbid dread of dogs.

A phobia is defined as an unreasonable, morbid dread or fear. Most persons have phobias of one sort or another. They are



Wide World

Billy Rose, Broadway's leading claustrophobe . . . at home on the range

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MGM Photo by Ted Allan © International

Jean Harlow has agoraphobia . . . Joan Crawford's fear of heights makes her an acrophobe

among the commonest mental quirks enjoyed by perfectly normal people. Dr. David Mitchell, New York psychologist, who has made a particular study of the fears that beset human beings, has collected statistics which indicate that 16 per cent. of a representative group of people fear the dark; another 16 per cent. are afraid of thunder and lightning; 12 per cent. have a morbid dread of water and drowning; 4 per cent. are frightened by high places.

Happily, most people can take their phobias or leave them alone. Many phobias are so slight the individual is unaware he possesses them. Only when they get out of hand do they threaten the health and happiness of their hosts. Some psychologists assert that many people enjoy their phobias, entirely subconsciously, of course. Mild or beginning phobias usually disappear of their own accord in time.

Stars' Dislikes—The owner of a fully authenticated phobia finds himself in illustrious company. Greta Garbo suffers from ochlophobia (dread of crowds). Jonathan Swift ("Gulliver's Travels") was a victim of anthropophobia in extreme degree. His dread of people was so pronounced that it led him to go an entire year without speaking to other persons, reading, or sitting down to meals. Claudette Colbert and Norma Shearer are members of the claustrophobe clan, folks with an exaggerated dread of closed-in places.

Charles Baudelaire, French poet who wrote "Flowers of Evil," had a dread of being alone—autophobia. When alone, he thought he heard voices, saw people. It finally affected his mind to such an extent that he dyed his hair green, wore summer clothes in winter and winter clothes in summer, reversed his word meanings, saying "up" for "down" and "down" for "up."

Joan Crawford has twin phobias—nyctophobia (fear of darkness) and acrophobia (fear of heights). From dusk to dawn, a light burns in the hall outside her bedroom. She refuses to travel by air-plane, will never take a hotel room higher than the seventh floor. Acrophobia is the term to apply to friends who swear that "nobody will ever get me up in an air-plane!"

Jean Harlow has agoraphobia, a very common dread of open spaces.

Looker—Humorist Robert Benchley says: "My depression when looking at my face in a mirror amounts to a genuine phobia." Benchley's face is eminently serviceable, his deprecating reference to it a typical Benchley tongue-in-cheekism. But phobias are no joke to those who suffer from them in extreme forms.

Prof. William Ellery Leonard of the University of Wisconsin has for years confined himself to what has become known as his "fear prison"—a plot of ground half a mile square, near the campus, from which he never ventures. He attributes his phobia to fright suffered as a youngster when a train roared past him at a station platform.

A specific fear of railways is common enough to win its own medical description: siderodromophobia.

Possibly the most common of all phobias is claustrophobia, fear of enclosed spaces. Billy Rose, song-writer, producer of "Jumbo," is Broadway's leading claustrophobe. He has a huge office on the top floor of a New York sky-scraper. When an attack comes on he waves his arms wildly, dashes to the roof, where the symptoms wear off under the persuasion of a bit of frantic inhaling. His longest period of immunity came last summer when he directed the entertainment at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

Cures—Phobias that progress to unbearable states of intensity often find their way to the offices of psychoanalysts. Phobias can not be cured by will-power. The victim can not say: "I know this is a silly fear and I'm going to break myself of it." Most phobias have their origins in forgotten incidents of childhood. It is the technique of the analyst to bring these hidden causes to light. Some psychologists estimate that 75 per cent. of all phobias have their origin in the conduct of parents toward the child.

Case histories illustrate this point. A twenty-two-year-old girl came to an analyst seeking relief from a morbid fear of finding burglars under her bed. It was discovered that as a child she had watched her mother lock doors, fasten windows, tour the house and peer under beds for burglars until the child had grown up with a genuine phobia. Many cases of claustrophobia may be traced to the child's being locked in a dark, stifling closet as punishment. When the causes of these fears are dragged out of the patient's consciousness, the phobias usually vanish.

Change-Overs—Other phobias are symbolizations. The cynophobe who hates dogs may actually be expressing a hatred of his childhood nurse. She may have been a harsh, overbearing woman with heavy black hair. Later, the child may have transferred his hatred to a dog with conspicuous black hair, and thus the phobia grew. Any experience burned permanently into the memory may incite a phobia. Thus the child whose hands may be plunged into filth hastens to wash them, and the urgency of the cleansing, etched into his subconscious, develops into a hand-washing phobia as he grows up. Fear of dirt (mysophobia) is very common, in extreme forms results in cases like that of the two maiden ladies who examined every dish of berries on the dinner-table through a magnifying glass.

Whatever one's fears may be, it is certain that they are not instinctive, but learned. Only two fears seem to be inborn: the fear of a sudden loud sound, the fear of falling when physical support is withdrawn.

Common phobias have impressive medical names all their own. Thus fear of thunder is keraunophobia; of lightning, astrapophobia; of cats, ailurophobia; of snakes, ophidiophobia. Less common fears have just as tongue-twisting titles. Fear of crossing a bridge is gephyrophobia; of being buried alive, taphophobia; of work, ergasiophobia; and of being thirteenth at table, triskaidekaphobia.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Flavor—Now vanilla flavoring as well as maple comes from trees. Wood contains approximately 2 per cent. vanillin, and a Canadian paper company is setting up a plant at Cornwall, Ontario, to extract it. Vanilla-beans, already struggling under competition of synthetic coal-tar flavors, face technological unemployment.

* * *

Dams—Heat generated by the curing of concrete poured into such great dams as Boulder and Grand Coulee would take several hundred years to dissipate if engineers didn't cleverly build in a network of water-cooling pipes. In the Grand Coulee dam there will be 1,760 miles of them.

* * *

Fuel—Italy, striving to make herself independent of petroleum-producing countries, recently sponsored experiments with anhydrous liquid ammonia as motor-bus fuel. In a test run of 620 miles, averaging thirty miles an hour, a Fiat motor was reported to run evenly, flexibly and with absolute quietness on the unusual fuel.

* * *

Stream-Lined—If you're a dub on the golf links, it may be because you do not own a new stream-lined golf-club. Such a club, whose head is stream-lined in true teardrop form, has been designed by Dr. S. J. Crooker of Washington, D. C. Reduced air-resistance increases club velocity, gives greater yardage.

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SOVIETS' CRY: NEW GODS FOR OLD

But Greek Orthodox Church Still Holds Sway Over People

Hushed and solemn, long queues of bareheaded men and women daily pass down the steps of the imposing mausoleum of Nikolai Lenin, a geometrical pile of gleaming red granite in the heart of Moscow's Red Square. They move in swaying twos between sentries, shuffle softly past the glassed-in mummified body with its rouged, wax-like countenance.

As pious as a religious rite is this pilgrimage to the No. 1 figure of Soviet Russia's *modern pantheon of gods*. With multiplying devoutness, it has gone on

Sovfoto

Priests are seldom seen on city streets of modern Russia

with hardly a break since 1924, year of his demise. From villages where his face grows in park grass and flowers, and homes where his pictures replace ikons, they come, shawled peasants, gnarled fishermen, glum soldiers and workmen, to honor as a new Messiah the man who, alive, ever drummed into them: "Religion is the opiate of the people."

Freedom—Last month Red Russia adopted a new Constitution which provided for a let-up of repressive measures. Last week, convinced the church no longer was an issue, it dispatched a million trained census-takers to distant sod hut, log cabin and communal rookery, expected to turn up the fact that belief in God had practically vanished throughout the Soviet Union.

Holding its second decennial population inventory, Moscow had at the last moment decided to check up on religious profession at the same time, urged free and open admissions on a promise of absolute secrecy.

As first reports drifted in, census officials waxed exultant. Moscow came through with flying colors for unbelief. Of the 4,000,000 Muscovites, a majority disowned the church.

Armed with these figures, Josef Stalin, self-appointed vicar of the Messiannic Lenin, was able, in his inner sanctum behind the serrated walls of the Kremlin, to weigh the telling effect of nineteen years of unremitting war against religion. In this time, more than 25,000,000 children of school age have been taught there is no God. Choice exhibits have been unspeakable caricatures of Christ. Teachers have been forbidden to attend places of worship. It was once a criminal offense to gather three children under eighteen to teach them about the Savior.

Religious publications have been banned, priests compelled to live outside towns, and the Government cleverly devised its six-days-work week to prevent general church attendance.

Reliable estimates are that since 1917, year of the Bolshevist revolution, a total of 42,800 clergymen have died in concentration camps and other hell spots. Today, only 1,200 remain, say outside reports.

Churches have fared no better. In 1935, 14,000 were closed. In Moscow 800, not all devoted to religion, flourished, against 1,600 before the revolution. Of these, 150 were supported by the declining faithful. Prior to the Reds, 454 Greek Orthodox churches were opened on Easter in Moscow. Last year, on this holiest of Russian days, thirty existed, packing in 50,000 worshipers to near-suffocation.

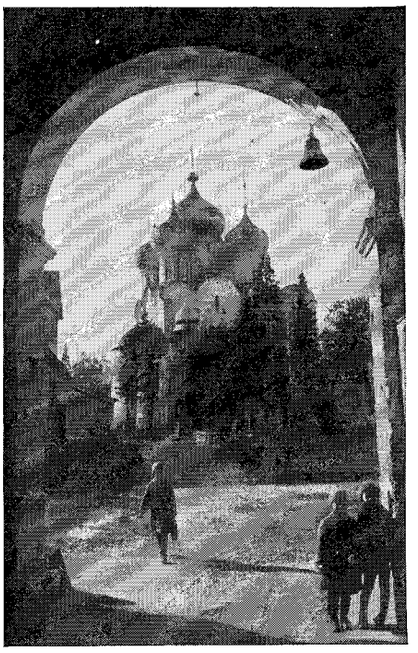
Religion Lives—Knowing that many Russians hold to their churches with a death-grip, many an observer felt that Dictator Stalin was doing a lot of wishful thinking in his sweeping census. Cold facts were marshaled to refute him. At the tenth anniversary of the all-powerful League of the Militant Godless, President Emelyan Jaroslawski stated that 50 per cent. of the Russian youth were Christians; 34 per cent. of the collective farmers and a much larger percentage of individual farmers held to old religious practises, 40,000 communities maintained churches; and that only half of the population was atheist.

Best reports elsewhere state that in the rural areas peasants for the most part still troop to church. But, rural or urban, services are attended largely by old and middle-aged women, fewer men and a number of children brought by mothers and grandmothers. Many of the older men are agnostics, who say there may or may not be a God. Youth is variously described as apathetic or conspicuously absent from divine worship. Nevertheless, baptisms, church weddings and funerals take place in large numbers on windy steppe or frozen tundra, or in polyglot urban centers.

Those who have given up the church have turned for a spiritual outlet to the Marxist-Leninist materialistic concept of life, with its accent on mechanics and scientific realism. In this they seem to be pursuing a road back to their ancient paganism. Founded on the adoration of nature's forces and ancestor cult, primitive Russia worshiped Peroun, Lord of Lightning, until officially converted to Christianity through Byzantium (currently Istanbul) in 988-'91.

In the succeeding centuries the powerful Greek Orthodox Church had for rivals the Roman Catholics, the Protestants, Mohammedans, Buddhists and lingering primitive cultists. An instrument of Czarist domination, the Greek Church was for centuries overly reactionary, administered for the most part by a grossly ignorant and superstitious clergy. The priests, dubbed "popes" by the mocking Bolsheviki, ruled village life with an iron hand, forbade peasants to use Soviet tractors because they were "devil-machines," induced the "sinning rich" to build a plethora of churches to atone for evil lives.

On January 18, 1918, church was separated from State, all church property nationalized, the drive launched to uproot *bourgeois* religious ideology. Pillar of the original Constitution was an article which granted the right of "freedom of religious and antireligious" propaganda. In 1929,



Sovfoto

Millions of schoolchildren in Russia have been taught there is no God

the Kremlin overlords cracked down, revised this to read: "freedom for the conduct of religious cults and freedom for antireligious" propaganda. Churches were barred from all social activity, were denied the right to propagate their ideas save to fellow believers.

Under the December 5, 1936, Constitution, this restriction continues unchanged, but people who profess religion no longer are subject to previous disqualifications. In effect, the right of franchise is restored not only to priests, but to all other former foes of Communism.

Middle-Roader—Expert opinion sees in the wily Stalin's gesture a new retreat from 1918, wherein he seeks earnestly to consolidate his position at home, win prestige abroad. He has thrown out early Communist text-books which muck-raked Russian history, restored Russian literature to favor, resurrected the memory of worthy Czars. Moreover, he refused demands of the organized godless societies to bar religious services.

With nothing to fear at home, the dictator is ready to make a truce with religious bodies abroad, now preparing a joint drive against Communism and atheism.

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DAZZLING PARTIES INTRODUCE DEBS

Thousands Spent in Having Society Girls "Meet" Their Friends

The walls of the ballroom were covered with shell-pink satin. Rich, silvery drapes billowed from the stage and from boxes overflowing with ample dowagers and Paris-gowned young things. From a shaded bower, one world-famed orchestra after another played incessantly for nine "fleeting" hours.

Outside in the wide corridor, the thirsty and the bored mingled and grazed expensive elbows at a massive bar behind which a scenic reproduction of sunny Florida's Hialeah race-track shed its splendors on a life-size wooden horse.

Sixty cases of Pommery 1928 could not keep the hungry from a near-by dining-room where liveried flunkies spread supper, and, hours later, breakfast. Lest commoner folk should put an impudent eye to some keyhole, the pick of Pinkerton's men roamed hither and yon, scrutinizing the furbished faces of the "elect" for gate-crashers.

Peabody—Thus did America's royalty bid farewell to 1936 in Philadelphia, as Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. B. Widener 2d introduced pretty Miss Joan Peabody, their stepdaughter and daughter respectively, to society.

Newspapers, hailing the cost of the "coming-out" party ($100,000) as proof prosperity had returned to the palaces, tactfully refrained from mentioning two facts: the soap-bubbles, which were to have caught and reflected the glittering lights, did not bubble; the Pommery flowed from $50,000,000 Mr. Widener's grandfather had made on army food contracts during the War Between the States.

Field—Meantime in New York, Miss Barbara Field, daughter of the Chicago department store king, had "met" the society she had known since infancy at the comparatively trifling cost to her mother of $50,000.

It was a beautiful party. The Ritz-Carlton staircase balustrade was wrapped in gold. Even the balloons and the doormen, and for that matter most of the guests, had touches of gold about them. Snowy tables sagged with gallons of consommé, champagne, Scotch and black coffee with mountains of caviar and cake.

To the girl's mother, Mrs. E. Marshall Field, the party was both a triumph and a challenge, since her estranged husband had already (last June) introduced his daughter to the same society at his Long Island estate with what one of the 1,000 guests described as "enough champagne to drown twice as many as were there."

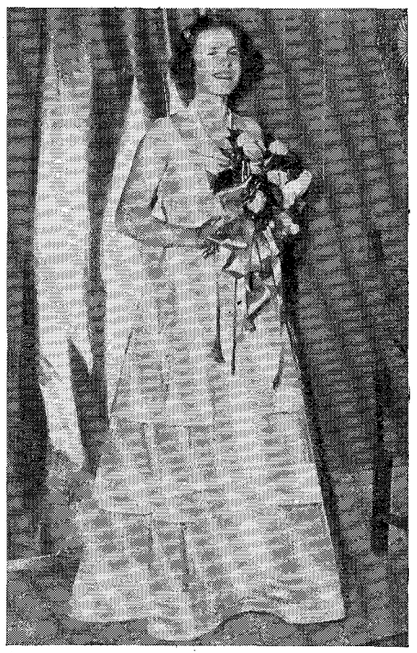
Not to be outdone by her divorced husband, Mrs. Field, out of her $1,000,000-a-year ($2,700-a-day) alimony, assembled 1,000 calla-lilies, 5,000 silver balloons, 150 waiters, five doormen and Robert Hamlett, who for twenty-five years has inquired of close friends their names at the door, to refresh his memory for the task of announcing them in a highly modulated voice to their other close friends within.

It was a beautiful party.

But it was by no means the only beautiful party, for prosperity had blanketed America.

In Philadelphia, scene of the Widener triumph, and in fact but one night later, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Earle, of Haverford, Pennsylvania, launched the *S.S. 37* in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Bellevue-Stratford for their débutante niece, Edith Earle Lee, who led 1,500 gilt-edged guests over a flower-decked gang-plank for a "cruise in Southern waters."

Seascapes covered the walls and pillars of the stately dance-hall, and from the center of the room rose a mast with a crow's nest. Fluttering from it in a Hollywood breeze were flags of all nations and ships' signal flags, topped by the burgee of Uncle Earle's yacht club. A ship's rail ran around the ballroom floor and stars twinkled from a cellophane sky overhead. Balcony boxes became temporary staterooms, and from a stage built on the stern deck rose two large black funnels. On the stroke of midnight, guests were shushed, lights dimmed and a sound of throbbing motors rumbled distantly. In sailed a small silver Zeppelin, anchored at the mooring mast, and at a signal from the hostess a trap-door in the bottom opened and out spilled hundreds of souvenir sailor caps.



Acme

Barbara Field . . . two $50,000 parties

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Joan Peabody . . . one $100,000 party

Johnson—In Baltimore, the Richard Newton Johnsons transformed the ballroom of the Alcazar into an orange-grove which supplied many a figurative vitamin A for daughter Catherine Bond Johnson and 1,000 guests. For, tho the trees weren't real, the oranges were. Added touch was an "irrigation-ditch" rippling with champagne.

Swift—Chicago turned its Blackstone ballroom inside out to make a moonlit garden for lovely Annie May Henry which is said to have set the Huntington Henrys back some $50,000. Annie May's grandfather is Edward F. Swift (Premium Ham). Jane Swift (also Premium Ham) had a party in the Crystal Room, which she shared with Ellen Adair Orr (stocks and bonds). At Annie May's party, 300 yards of white satin were made into clouds for the ceiling of the Alcazar ballroom, and blue mirrors lined the walls. More than 600 pink Sally Roses bloomed in white vases while pale moonlight shimmered over 700 guests (300 had to stay home with influenza). Everybody talked a lot about Mrs. Henry's rope of real pearls that reached clear to her waist. At Ellen Orr's and Jane Swift's party, their fathers had arranged for the Princeton Triangle Club to swell the stag-line and help consume $1,800 worth of imported champagne.

Down South—Way down in New Orleans, Fred Benchley chartered a river sightseeing boat, the *Capitol*, for three debs, and Louisiana State University's President James Monroe Smith watched his daughter Marjorie Lee come out at the New Orleans Country Club, a guest of Dr. Joseph Dana, who made a nursery out of the club for a Baby Party with sand-piles, chutes, swings and scooters.

In Atlanta, Georgia, debbies Eloise Gresham and Dorothy Shivers made a spectacular kick-off at an elaborate football breakfast. More than 1,000 guests rolled out of bed before 10 A.M. to get in line at the swanky Piedmont Driving Club where flower merchant Irving Gresham had supervised the building of bright chrysanthemum goal-posts and sweet-smelling footballs for Eloise and Dorothy. Mrs. Gresham and Mrs. Shivers directed from the side-lines.

They couldn't put grass on the gridiron because they needed it to dance on, but the entire ballroom was decorated to look like a garden—except for the footballs—and artificially constructed lily-ponds grew out of the base-boards. Live lilies, Gresham grown, floated on top and the music of a lively orchestra heralded breakfast.

Out West—Way out in San Francisco, brunette Barbara Kahn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kahn (Market Street Railway Co.) bowed to peninsula society December 23 in a gold-and-white setting. Christmas trees were made of gold-sprayed

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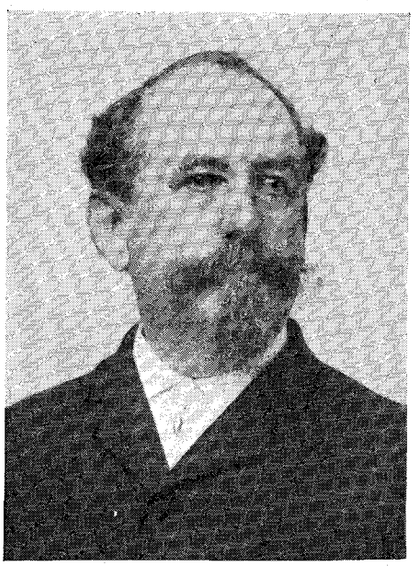
lemon-leaves alternating with white blossoms.

Barbara wanted gold bangles for her bracelet instead of flowers but she got more flowers than bangles.

Bangles—and more solid property—nourish the flowering of the debutante. For according to the best authorities, a *débutante is a young girl* who was "born to the proper parents—those with Government bonds for generations back." Usually, she is brought up by English nurses and French governesses until she is old enough to go to a select day school along with other girls born to the "right" parents. Grace and graciousness are her medium of expression; to sit a horse as naturally as she does her piano-bench, her lot. She must play tennis, golf and bridge.

Miss Juliana Cutting: her fee $100 to $500 for stag-line lists



Ward McAllister's formula: "keep the deb in hand"

Grooming—Before she comes out, she must go to school in France or Italy, or finish in a New England school which specializes in turning out a highly standardized product. If she belongs to the inner circle, she becomes a provisional member of the Junior League the spring before her début.

Most important in the six months before she actually comes out is the débutante's final pruning under the skilled hand of Miss Juliana Cutting, Mrs. Huntington Tappin, Mrs. William H. Tew or Miss Jessie Fanshaw.

The real business of becoming a deb begins with the selecting of party dates, the compilation of guest lists (compiled by Miss Cutting *et al* for from $100 to $500, a stag list guaranteed to be selected from families which are all "safe"). The four important seasons for parties are based on holiday periods of the big eastern colleges: the last week in June (for big Long Island débuts in wooded estates); September for daughters of parents of Peapack, Bernardsville, Far Hills, Rumson and Long Island.

Parties—Of the horsey set, these latter debs are products of Fermata and Foxcroft, where a girl rides to hounds as part of her curriculum. The following week is spent in Westchester and in Greenwich, Connecticut; thence no more New York parties until November and December, when daughters are to be seen in brownstone and marble houses, coming out in smart hotels or carefully chosen night-clubs.

Parties can cost almost anything—so long as they pass the minimum of $5,000 below which one social secretary has never tried to base her production costs (fourteen $5,000 parties in one day is this secretary's record in mass production).

According to Miss Cutting, there are a number of rules for producing a successful party. But basic is "a boy and a half to a girl for dinner dances, two boys to a girl for supper dances." Detailed information costs about 20 per cent. of the expense of the entire party. Extra is the list of "right people" to invite.

Grades—Graded like eggs, milk and cheese, débutantes break down into A, B and C groups. Grade A debutantes are "tops" with families who have had money for three generations, who have never had to learn the correct use of forks. Grade B debs have to watch their steps, walking the line of absolute correctness, because they are considered a bit less stable than their Grade A competitors. Grade C girls are the spawn of climbers. They weren't born into the right families, tho their money demands recognition. Their consolation is the fact that a Grade A girl's parents ask their daughters to be nice to Grade C girls for financial reasons. Occasionally, also, a Grade A girl likes a Grade C girl well enough to take her under her wing for reasons humane.

1890—Precedent for procedure goes back to Ward McAllister, creator of Mrs. William Astor's 400. Mr. McAllister outlined the set-up in 1890 for a friend of his who consigned to him his wife and daughter for a winter in New York; he arranged for a first season at Bar Harbor, a second one at Newport, "with ponies, a pretty trap, with a well-gotten-up groom and Worth to dress them." Counsel included advice of caution in scanning first offers of marriage, as they were generally the best, and "keeping the young girl well in hand."

To-day, Grade A débuantes frequent the bars of New York's upper East Side, work as *mannequins* and salesgirls in department stores. Others insist on college educations, occasionally refusing to come out at all. "It dates us," they say, "and anyway, who cares?"

1929—The answer, according to this season's figures, is: the great proportion of people with money. Débutante parties this year equal and surpass those given during the happy days of 1928 and 1929. Bang-up coming-out party of 1929 was that of Helen Lee Eames Doherty, oil heiress of Washington, D. C., whose party at the Mayflower Hotel was "the largest débutante ball Washington has ever seen." Vice President Curtis and Dolly Gann were two of the 1,000 guests; Jessica Dragonette sang; two orchestras supplied music; supper in the Presidential dining-room offered a centerpiece representing a winter church scene except for the ribbons streaming from church doors and windows. Pulling them, boys and girls found on the other end cigarette lighters and vanity cases. Minimum estimates of cost: over $50,000.

"Snow"—In New York City in 1929, Natalie Coe held the spotlight at the Ritz-Carlton when her grandfather, the late Henry H. Rogers (Standard Oil) had the ballroom transformed into an approximation of the Coe plantation, "Cherokee," near Charleston, South Carolina. "Grass covered the stairs, and a winding hedge of tall cedars led from the entrance-hall to the portico of a southern mansion with a red brick façade and four white columns that reached to the ceiling. . . . Colored butlers in livery announced the guests. At midnight from a phony sky, it snowed right there in the Ritz, and the guests had to run to shelter, where they found fried chicken, hot biscuit and champagne waiting for them."

Even in those halcyon days, observers complained that lavish deb parties were outrageous, that "by their garish extravagance, widely publicized in the papers, they reached a far greater audience than all the agitators in the Communist Party."

Press—Latest viewer-with-alarm is the New York *World-Telegram's* Westbrook Pegler, who said last week: "Not only do these introductions run into money, but, more important, they tend to irritate the lower classes, who do not have the intelligence to reason things out calmly and perceive the nobility of such spending.

"There is no use arguing that this spending gives employment to waiters and florists and those peasant girls of France who tread the grapes, because the lower classes see only contrasts, and these make them sore. . . .

"My way," the columnist sniggers, "would be to call on Mussolini and Hitler for bombing planes to blast these $50,000 parties without mercy in the name of God, instead of waiting until the lower classes are driven to vulgar extremes, as in Spain. . . ."

Rebellion—Battle-lines, however, formed last week not along the class lines suggested by Mr. Pegler, but within the ranks of the débutantes themselves. In Washington, D. C., trouble started when mothers of tearful debs told Mrs. William Laird Dunlop, Jr., that four debs were not coming to their parties. When Mrs. Dunlop tried to find out what it was all about, she got the answer: "We want nothing to do with these New Dealers."

Others in Washington say she may have misunderstood—that it is the newcomers who are objected to, not the New Dealers.

In the opinion of Doris Fleeson, Washington correspondent of the New York *Daily News*, "none may say which coterie of débutantes—the older aristocracy, or the new—will emerge second best in the conflict of prestige."

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HOLLYWOOD BLASTS "BLACK LEGION"

Warner Brothers Factual Film Is Powerful and Intelligent

The timid cinema, a junior art which has feinted with a couple of quick lefts and then run every time it has tangled with an anti-Fascist theme, finally has landed a solid, substantial blow. In "Black Legion," Hollywood grows up.

Altho press furor over the 1936 version of the Ku Klux Klan has dwindled, and most of the Michigan miscreants have been tried and convicted, there is evidence that the Black Legion has not yet been stamped completely out of the Midwest. On that premise, plus a good showmanly regard for an ardent topical plot, the Warner Brothers have made a picture both powerful and intelligent.

Whereas other anti-Fascist thematic films cluttered their narrative with some fairly unbelievable circumstance winding up with cravenly compromise, "Black Legion" tells a story so straightforward and factual it might almost be the camera version of a reporter's Page-One yarn.

Hatred—It begins by establishing the hatred of American automobile factory mechanics for foreigners. When one of these latter is promoted to foreman over an American, resentment flares. The disappointed man is induced to join the Black Legion to combat "these hunkies taking our jobs and starving our families."

The initiation scenes are photographed with bleak reality. Thereafter, the picture exposes the Black Legion as a racket from which its big-city promoters made fortunes selling uniforms, pistols and ammunition. The new member is shown beating foreigners, burning down their homes, lashing Americans who refuse to join and, finally, murdering his best friend.

The Legion's efforts to force witnesses to perjure themselves at the murder trial follow documentary evidence used in the actual Detroit trials. The end of the film avoids compromise, shows how the man on trial exposed his friends in the Legion, caused all to be sent to prison for life.

"Black Legion" exposes a racket

No Happy Ending—It must have been difficult, habit being a flinty matter, for Hollywood to avoid a happy ending. Nevertheless, it does. The hero-villain, after exposing his comrades, gets no reward for turning State's evidence. He shambles off to prison with the rest of them.

The sentencing scene, with nineteen Legionnaires lined up before the bench, is made notable by a speech from the judge in which he excoriates "false patriots who prey on national and racial prejudices."

Humphrey Bogart achieves star stature in the film, giving the best cinema performance of his career in the rôle of *Frank*, the disappointed mechanic who becomes a murderer. He has excellent matching performances from Erin O'Brien-Moore, Dick Foran and Joseph Sawyer.

Barbara Stanwyck: no weeping widow in film

IRISH TRAGEDY: RKO Presents Faithful Film Version of "The Plough and the Stars"

With special permission from the author, Sean O'Casey, RKO has tampered only slightly with "The Plough and the Stars," has made its second Irish revolutionary film almost as excellent a screen product as the prize-winning "The Informer."

The four who turned Liam O'Flaherty's haunting novel into a film of tragic beauty herewith make the O'Casey play a valuable, important item in screen fare. Not only have they reached out and brought to sight things impossible within the compass of a stage, but they have shown, courageously, the truth about the execution of General Conolly by the British. He is shown taken from his hospital-bed in a wheel-chair and destroyed by a firing squad while still seated in the chair. The matter is found in British records of the Irish revolutionary rising in Easter Week, 1916. Few British statesmen or Army officers are proud of it.

Change—O'Casey's permission for an alteration of the plot structure came after the dramatist admitted more learning of theater craft had changed his own opinion. When he wrote the play, he had the hero, *Jack Clitheroe*, killed during the rising. Years changed his feeling about the scene, caused him swiftly to authorize an ending with *Jack* and *Nora* both living, the saccharine of a happy ending avoided by the bitter tragedy of the failure of the rising.

Experts—The four responsible for the vigor and bravura of the picture are Dudley Nichols, scenarist; John Ford, director, and Cliff Reid and Robert Sisk, producers. They browbeat RKO into making "The Informer," found their task easier when it came time to film "The Plough and the Stars." World-wide success of the first picture not only opened permission to them, but made it possible to employ outstanding players in the Abbey Theater acting company.

Important among these from Dublin appearing in the cast are Barry Fitzgerald, Eileen Crowe, Denis O'Dea, F. J. McCormick and Arthur Shields.

Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck, entrusted with the rôles of the *Clitheroes*, make little effort to thicken an Irish brogue, rely on their performances to make the principal parts authentic.

The scenes showing the taking of the post-office in Dublin, the rioting afterward and the looting of the shops are excitingly photographed.

Fitzgerald makes the rôle of *Fluther* a magnificent comic spectacle and Erin O'Brien-Moore, fleetingly seen as the street-walker in the saloon scenes, proves, as in "Black Legion," that she is one of the most able actresses in the films.

"GREAT GUY": Cagney Scores as a Two-Fisted Fighter of the Forces of Evil

Freed, after months of legal shadow-boxing, from further toil under command of the Warner Brothers, James Cagney has got around to the work of making a new film, "Great Guy." In much the same mold as previous Cagney items, with the lone exception of his performance as *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," it shows the restless carrot-top in the rôle of a two-fisted walloper fighting the forces of evil.

Cagney, an actor who has had his share of downs as well as ups, follows one habit in "Great Guy" that has nothing to do with the plot of the picture. He has insisted that the leads with him in the cast be chosen from players with whom he has had previous contact in pictures and theater. Thus, from the New York stage, Edward J. McNamara was drawn to play a police captain; Robert Gleckler, a former stage associate, was drafted to play a political ward-heeler, and Mae Clarke, the first actress into whose dazed face Cagney ever pushed the ripe, juicy half of an indignant grape-fruit, is cast as the heroine.

New Firm—"Great Guy," based on the "Johnny Cave" stories in *The Saturday*

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James Cagney and Edward J. McNamara

Evening Post, is Cagney's first picture for the young cinema studio, Grand National Pictures. It restores the live redhead to the screens, gives him as good a film vehicle as ever has come his way.

Cagney as chief of a municipal department of weights and measures is shown refusing bribes, being framed into a fake motor accident, tossing crooked politicians out of his office, being forced to take back his fiancee's ring and indulging in mêlees with fists. All of these bumptious gestures are of the lithograph rather than the etching school of cinema art, but have been found to be certain audience-fetchers.

The most stalwart performance in the picture is made by McNamara, himself smarting from previous unhappy servitude in Hollywood. In 1932, against his will, he went to California, suffered mightily in unhappy rôles, and fled back to New York. Only Cagney's promise of fair treatment in friendly hands induced McNamara to try Hollywood again.

CLINICAL CINEMA: "The Eternal Mask" Is Europe's Brooding Portrayal of Psychopathic Wards

Europe's experimental film-makers are more moody than Americans, and the result is an output in which fantasy and brooding mix to make psychological motion-pictures.

Soon to be released in New York, and then generally, is one of the best hospital pictures yet made in Europe and definitely an improvement over the Hollywood clinical cinema.

Filmed at Berne, Switzerland, acted by Germans, "The Eternal Mask" is an exceptionally competent screen feat of knitting psychoses and hospital routine into a picture of public interest.

Tragedy—*DuMartin,* a young doctor in a large hospital in Basle, Switzerland, has been perfecting an antitoxin to annihilate the germ of meningitis. The hospital senior surgeon refuses to allow *DuMartin* to use the serum on a patient until it has been proved safe for human beings. An industrialist, *Negar,* is dying from meningitis and *DuMartin* appeals to *Frau Negar* to allow him to use the serum on her husband, whose condition is otherwise hopeless. She consents, *Negar* dies. In hysteria, she accuses *DuMartin* of murder.

He is so shocked he throws his formula into a river and jumps in to die.

Fished out, he is taken back to his own hospital. His nind has gone.

Struggle—An autopsy proves *Negar* died from an embolism rather than the serum. The hospital authorities are frantic to cure *DuMartin* and have him recreate the formula. The film resolves itself into a struggle between the old and new school of psychiatric practise.

A young physician prevails, after *DuMartin* fails to respond to more brusque ancient methods.

Arthur Mayer and Joseph Burstyn, who imported the Russian puppet version of "Gulliver's Travels" last year, are releasing "The Eternal Mask." There is an affecting, sensitive performance as *DuMartin* by Mathias Wieman.

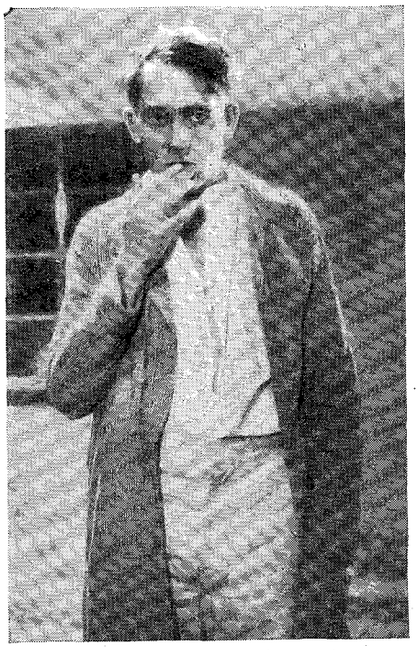
Music

BARBIROLLI'S BATON: New York Philharmonic Says Good-By to Toscanini's Successor

"Gentlemen, that passage should sound like the night. You're playing it like the morning after."

With such gentle witticisms, John Barbirolli, pint-size Franco-Italo-British conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, has for ten weeks kept under control one of the greatest musical organizations in the world.

This week, John Barbirolli left for Glasgow, Scotland, to resume command of the Scottish Symphony Orchestra. The cheers of critics, public and musicians still echoed in his ears. This was the final victory for the man who, ten weeks ago, came to the United States to assume the job of the greatest conductor of them all: Arturo Toscanini.



Mathias Wieman as Doctor DuMartin in a screen feat of psychiatrics

Barbirolli's greatest victory, however, was his first one: over the musicians. "Having been an orchestra player myself since I was fourteen, I naturally know the temper of the men," he said, just before he departed. "Every man in the Philharmonic is an A-1 musician, and I treated them so. I let them save all their nervous tension for the performances. The rehearsals were gay and care-free. I could hear that they were relaxed. I never worked them six hours a day, as some conductors do. That would wear any one out."

Leader—Starting at the first Monday morning rehearsal, a mutual friendship and respect sprang up between the orchestra and the conductor.

The love his musicians bore Barbirolli was shared by his audiences. "I got so much telephone and mail response to some of the new selections I introduced to New York that I had to repeat them the following week," he said. "The second symphony of Franz Schubert, for instance, was a great success." Then, a bit wistfully: "It's not like that in England. American audiences are much more enthusiastic."

Youngster—But success is not new to John Barbirolli. He was born in London thirty-seven years ago of an Italian father and a French mother. At the age of eleven he was an accomplished cellist, and at twenty-five was directing the performances of the British National Opera Company. During the years between he played his cello in orchestras throughout Europe. Now, as he completes his first year as conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, he is the youngest conductor of a major orchestra in the world.

In recognition of his work this season, Barbirolli was, in the middle of December, appointed head conductor and artistic director of the orchestra for the next three years. He is the first to occupy that position since Josef Stransky left in 1921.

Barbirolli's success in New York has not been exclusively artistic. In making the appointment, the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic announced that attendance gains, particularly on Sunday, had been "amazing." While some of this was attributed to generally better business conditions, Barbirolli's ingenuity as a program-maker was a large factor.

In making up his programs, Barbirolli displayed no favorites. "I love all music," he exclaims, putting his finger-tips on his chest. "Sometimes, as when I play the Beethoven seventh symphony, I think that is greatest. Again, perhaps when I am playing the Brahms fourth, I think, 'What could be greater than this?'"

Four other conductors will command the rest of the Philharmonic season. Igor Stravinsky, a Russian recently naturalized by France, is one of the greatest of contemporary composers. Georges Enesco, Roumania's musical ambassador-at-large, is an outstanding violinist and composer. Carlos Chavez comes to New York from his own orchestra in Mexico. He is Mexico's foremost composer. Artus Rodzinski, who will conduct the last eight weeks, is a Pole who pushed himself to the fore in American music. He successively built up the Los Angeles and Cleveland Symphony Orchestras.

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Letters

HOW YOU CAN "THINK FOR YOURSELF"

Ways to Get New Ideas Told by Writer on Imagination

"Think For Yourself." By Robert P. Crawford. 250 pp. (New York: Whittlesey House; $2.50.)

When a Standard Oil executive sat day after day with feet poised on desk just thinking and staring out the window, some one complained to John D. Rockefeller. But to no avail. Said the oil baron: "I wish I could find ten men just like him to spend their time looking out the window. I'd gladly pay them $50,000 a year each."

Tho he has no $50,000-a-year jobs to offer, Robert P. Crawford, Chancellor's assistant at the University of Nebraska, has a method he guarantees will improve anybody's thinking from 15 to 25 per cent.—and that may mean money in the pocket. "Think for yourselves" chorus the Presidents of Harvard and Chicago Universities, and Robert Crawford joins them. It's the way, he says, to get ahead.

Follow the Herd—Unfortunately it's a rare citizen who has an original thought. Most business men getting up in the morning put on socks advertised in some magazine, drink coffee praised over the radio, and eat only orange-juice and toast because some one said light breakfasts were a good idea. Last of the coffee gulped down, they drive to the station in a car one of the neighbors said was a good buy. So it goes, a routine day ending with a best-seller as a nightcap before bed.

To Nebraskan Crawford, it seems as if every one bought his ideas in little packages, like breakfast food. And that, he's sure, is not good. People are still afraid to think.

For one thing, the author notes, it's a pretty bold man who isn't cowed by an inferiority complex because of his intelligence quotient, or I.Q. Perhaps, when he was in school, his teachers gave him an I.Q. test, told him his rating and dismissed him, labeled for life—with a sneaking feeling he really couldn't hope to know much.

Actually, the teachers who have stamped such labels aren't so sure of their ground. Various of their number have left the fold to discover that the famed I.Q. isn't a fixed thing. It can be raised—or lowered. All an I.Q. really indicates is an individual's mental equipment at a particular moment. In two months a dunce may have outdistanced by far the brightster who shone with a precocious 150 I.Q.

Fake News—But even if there isn't any lurking inferiority over brain-rating, people are likely to feel helpless when confronted with news of the day. How much of it is true? This, admits Expert Crawford, is a tough nut. Much of the day's news is manufactured by shrewd publicity men. Example he cites: When Gunnar Kassen and a dog team mushed for nine days to diphtheria-stricken Nome, Alaska, with antitoxin, it was just a chemical company's popularization of the

How to Solve a Problem

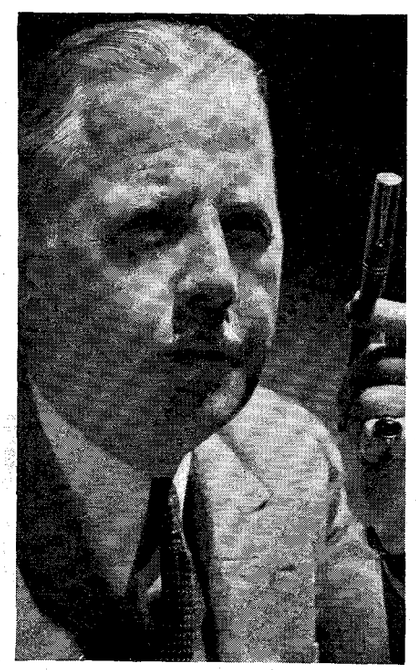
1. Find out what the crux of the matter is. State it clearly to yourself by writing it down.
2. Get all the facts, weigh them and try to follow to their ends all the possible solutions of the problem.
3. If the problem just won't solve, put it aside for a few days, then go back to it with a fresh mind.
4. Use experimentation to prove your solution. If it doesn't work, discard it and start anew.
5. Put your solution across.

How to Have an Original Idea

1. Banish dullness of mind by switching to a new form of recreation. If you read for pleasure, try going for walks or visiting art galleries by way of a change.
2. Don't resort to alcohol or Bohemianism for an idea.
3. Take time out to think.
4. Find one subject on which you have definite convictions and spread your message about it.
5. Use your powers of observation as food for creative thought rather than mere memory-stuffing.

"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!



ONE of the first questions the doctor asks when you have a cold is—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know also the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time.

Before they will give any laxative their approval, doctors make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own specifications. Read these specifications. They are important—not only during the "cold season," but all the year 'round.

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not:* Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax meets every one of these demands so fairly that many doctors use it for their own families. And millions of other families, too, trust it so completely that they have made Ex-Lax the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

One trial of Ex-Lax will tell you why its use is so universal . . . It is thorough. But it is gentle . . . It is effective. But it is mild . . . It brings welcome relief from constipation—without stomach pains or nausea.

That's why Ex-Lax is such a favorite, not only of the grown-ups but of the youngsters, too. And, just to make it even more pleasant, Ex-Lax tastes exactly like delicious chocolate . . . At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. V17, Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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serum. When Amelia Earhart made her daring hop from Hawaii, it was just a $10,000 stunt put over by the Pan-Pacific Press Bureau. When the unemployed of New York sold apples, it was just a bright idea of Joseph Sicker of the International Apple association.

Overwhelmed by disbelief in the facts at hand and a sense of personal inferiority, normal folk incline to grasshopper thinking. This is all too familiar to any one stretched out after dinner: "Ought to be making out that report, but guess it can wait. . . . Funny thing the boss said to-day about doing more business with few employees. . . . Weather warm for this time of year. . . . Look at all those books to be read. . . . Stock market's up."

Thoughtless Thought—On and on it goes. At the end, when the phone rings or it's time to go to bed, a lot of ground has been skimmed and nothing's accomplished. Above this, in Doctor Crawford's estimation, is the man who gets his ideas from what Henry Ford through Mr. W. J. Cameron said on Sunday evening—or maybe what Westbrook Pegler thought about the Simpson affair.

Once idea-raising gets beyond the stage of mere rambling or repetition, however, it becomes something like thought. Just the solving of the merest problem, such as whether to sell or hang onto ten shares of stock, can be called thinking, if it isn't forced by a broker calling for margin. And above this comes constructive headwork. The housewife who concocts a new soup, the business man who plans a good sales campaign are manufacturing ideas just as surely as the musician who writes symphonies.

Best approach to the wary original idea is made by the alert, challenging mind. It's about time the old saw "The best is always cheapest" and "Two can live as cheaply as one" were put in their graves. They just aren't true, but they'll continue to live until a lot of firm minds put them away. There are other ropes needed in snaring an idea: people who are ruled by their emotions seldom make the grade. Folk who talk themselves into spending more than they should, or those who follow the crowd into a Wall Street or Florida boom are not always ruled by intellect.

Method—But any one who has hurdled these barriers will find solving a problem simple. First he will ask himself whether the solution will affect his life in ten years. Then he'll go over the problem, get it clearly stated with all the facts, think his way through it, and put his solution on ice for a while. After an interlude of several hours, the problem-solver will take out and dust off his answer. If it looks good, he'll test it out cautiously, decide on a course of action, then work like fury to put his solution across.

At no point in the routine of problem busting does inspiration walk in. Any inspiration comes up from the subconscious and it's just a rehash of something that's happened to the individual before. If one of these little flashes comes across, it should be jotted down in a thought note-book at once—not an original idea with Doctor Crawford.

So it goes. Constant application, hints Doctor Crawford, will bring an idea into the dullest minds, and there are two blank pages after each chapter for encouragement.

Unfortunately, there is little clarity in the Crawford effort, either because the Nebraskan is so overburdened with ideas that he can't get them all straight, or because he didn't have sufficient time to line them up. "Think for Yourselves," in earnest confusion, is not another "Wake Up and Live."

Robert P. Crawford dislikes packaged ideas

Thumbing the Books

War—"Behind the Spanish Barricades." By John Langdon-Davies. (Robert McBride; $2.75.) Langdon-Davies, special correspondent of the London *News-Chronicle*, reports the Spanish conflict in a running account practically hot from the battle-front. His narrative bears little of the marks of hasty writing common to many news books.

Frenchmen—"The Shining Scabbard." By R. C. Hutchinson. (Farrar & Rinehart; $2.75.) Novelist Hutchinson has mastered the intracies of French family life sufficiently to produce the first widely acclaimed story of the year. His tale is subtle, involved and seldom pleasant, but the net result is well worth all the somber colorings.

Wise Men—"The Triptych of the Three Kings." By Felix Timmermanns. (McFarlane, Warde & McFarlane; $1.) Overlooked by Alexander Woollcott, this charming tale nevertheless deserves wide reading and appreciation. It is a delicate story of three not-too-wise men who meet the Christ-child.

J'accuse—"Zola and the Dreyfus Case." By Lee M. Friedman. (Beacon Press; $2.) The recent death of Captain Dreyfus, *cause célèbre* of the nineteenth century, has brought about this reexamination of the record. In a book replete with pictures, author Friedman clarifies the position of the great French novelist, Zola, in the case.

Scotland—"Graham of Claverhouse." By Constance W. Dodge. (Covici, Friede; $2.50.) As a cloak and sword romance with authentic historical setting, this story of seventeenth-century Scotland is one of the best of its kind. There is no lack of lovely heroines, strong heroes, or bloody uprisings.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Adirondack Park.—"V. J.," Phoenix, Ariz. —Some of the land within the *Adirondack Park* region has always been held by the State of New York, other areas were acquired from time to time through tax sales, especially in the years 1871 and 1877. It was not until 1885 that the State created the Forest Preserve by law, and the first appropriation, of $25,000, for buying land was made in 1890. Since that time, the State has constantly increased its holdings until the Park area now comprises 7,500 sq. miles, or about one-seventh of the area of the State.

Romeo and Juliet.—"M. McA.," Astoria, L. I.—The theme of the play used by Shakespeare can be traced to one of the oldest works of Greek prose fiction, "The Ephesiaca, or The Loves of Anthia and Abrocomas." The writer, one Xenophon of Ephesus, is supposed to have lived about A. D. 150.

transpire, transpiration; perspire, perspiration.—"J. B.," Chicago, Ill.—The words *transpire* and *transpiration* were introduced into the language in the latter half of the **16th** century, and preceded by about fifty years the introduction of *perspire* and *perspiration*. At first, and for many years, both *transpire* and *perspire* referred to the exhalation of vapor through pores in the body, more particularly the human body. About the middle of the 17th century, both *transpire* and *perspire, transpiration* and *perspiration* were extended in meaning to include the more visible exhalation of what had theretofore been called by the old Anglo-Saxon term *sweat*. This additional sense, *sweat*, was and is still retained by *perspire* and *perspiration*, but speedily became obsolete with *transpire* and *transpiration*. The use of the latter terms was confined more particularly to exhalations (1) of volatile vapors, as from the lungs; (2) of fluids, as from plants, and (3) of gases through porous membranes.

Because of the general invisibility of these latter exhalations, the term *transpire* took on a figurative sense during the middle of the 18th century, "to come gradually from secrecy into public notice; to become known; to leak out." Thus Lord Chesterfield wrote (1748): "This letter goes to you in . . . confidence . . . And you will therefore not let one word of it *transpire*." At the beginning of the 19th century, through some misunderstanding of this legitimately extended meaning—possibly through a misconception of some such statement as, "She could not know what had *transpired* while she was away,"—the word took on an entirely erroneous meaning of to happen, to occur, to take place. For some time this perverted sense was confined to America, where it apparently originated, but eventually it was accepted by Dickens and, tho condemned by all dictionaries, has persisted in use.

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MAKING THE MOST OF INCAPACITIES

Human Handicaps May Be Spurs to Outstanding Work

Physically handicapped? Then read this, go out and conquer the world:

Deaf persons make great writers, owing to their powers of concentration.

Myopes have a secret attraction for women because, near-sighted, they listen to them more closely, flatter them thereby.

Hyperopes have latent philosophical talents since, long-sighted, they get the "long view" of life, miss much ugly detail.

Insomniacs, unable to sleep, have time for hobbies and self-thought which can make them famous.

Vocal defectives can develop great personality and power because, hesitant to express themselves hurriedly, they think twice, give life more consideration.

Psychologists who have dabbled in this rich field of amateur therapy find that the best brains and best abilities do not spring, as others declare, from apple cheeks and steel-tempered spines, but from physical, mental or nervous disorders.

On the eve of his second Inauguration as President last week, Franklin D. Roosevelt was held up by psychologists of this school as the No. 1 contemporary example of the operation of this theory. Stricken with infantile paralysis in 1921, the President fought his way to the White House a decade later in a show of personal power, iron will and determination that astounded the nation.

Dr. Donald A. Laird, famed head of Colgate University's Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, New York, firmly believes that Mr. Roosevelt would never have reached the Presidency had he not been stricken. In support of this he contrasts, with great research, the easy-going, comparatively unambitious political figure of the President as a robust athlete and sportsman with that of the dynamic, fighting invalid, rushing pell-mell from Albany to Washington.

© International

Toyohika Kagawa has suffered much

Curious to apply this conclusion experimentally, the young, bearded Colgate expert sent out questionnaires to high-ranking Phi Beta Kappa students all over the country. Examination of intelligence and character records so obtained showed, he said, that students who attained this scholarly estate had not merely the highest intelligence, but intelligence combined with physical, mental or nervous defects, or handicaps. Among these latter were: epileptic seizures in one case, spinal curvatures, lameness, weak, ailing bodies, ugly and pockmarked faces, various mental quirks and complexes.

Doctor Laird explained this driving will to power by an axiom of the great Francis Bacon: "Whosoever hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn." An enfeebled weakling, Bacon's suffering drove him in the seventeenth century to be one of England's five greatest philosophers.

Examples—Too, he recalled Lord Byron's clubfoot which, ever a source of shame and bitterness, made him fight continually to prove himself in love and literature, made him, moreover, a swimmer expert enough to negotiate the Hellespont; Immanuel Kant's gout and sunken chest, which drove him into the isolation whence came one of the most eminent philosophical documents of all times; Friedrich Nietzsche's pain-racked body which caused him to pen his Superman credo; Beethoven's restless dissatisfaction from his pockmarked, snub-nosed face, asthma and deafness which nurtured some of the most divine music ever written. For that matter, as the Colgate investigator notes, Cæsar, Socrates, Molière, Richelieu, Mozart and Schiller were epileptics.

Less serious cases, where physical defectives wake up to find that Mother Nature has turned handicaps into assets, Dr. O. M. Butterfield, noted New York psychologist, explains by the theory of overcompensation. This operates by compensating one organ or body member for the loss of the other.

Lazy—On the ground that man is naturally lazy anyway, Doctor Butterfield holds that not one person in a hundred lives up to his full possibilities. A classic figure who did is Ernest Elmo Calkins. Growing deaf, he explored the opportunities to amuse himself, produced his famed booklet," Care and Feeding of Hobby Horses," which amused thousands of others, too.

Unless he had remained days on end indoors, in bed sick with asthma, Marcel Proust undoubtedly would not have had time and patience to give the analytical touch which helped to make his "In Search of Days Gone By" so monumental. The late Clarence Day suffered so badly from arthritis that to amuse himself indoors he wrote his beloved "Life With Father."

Teddy Roosevelt was so blind as a boy that, unable to take part in sports, he took up nature study, became one of the greatest naturalists of his day; Charles Steinmetz, born a cripple in Germany, likewise unable to play normally, gave himself up to scientific study, made himself an electrical wizard. Toyohika Kagawa, called the world's greatest Christian, leader of Japan's Christians, has had the plague and smallpox twice, typhus every year for fourteen years, and trachoma over a long period.

Scars—But by no means all handicapped persons are able to overcome their deficiencies, according to Dr. M. N. Chappell, eminent Columbia University psychologist. When they do overcome their natural feeling of inferiority as a result of their shortcoming, however, he says, they are likely to go much farther than normal persons.

Doctor Chappell cited the difference, in this connection, between a blind and a deaf man. The blind man rarely is a personality problem. His defect is so obvious that there is no inner conflict. But the deaf man's affliction is hidden. He tries to cover it up. This makes him so terribly unhappy that frequently he becomes deafer. It is often possible, says Doctor Chappell, to improve the condition of a partly deaf person by adjusting the personal inner conflict.

Stars Favorable—Defectives who try to help themselves during 1937 will find the stars much in their favor, according to Belle Bart, famous astrologer. Handicapped persons may enter new fields in which they have never realized their possibilities, go to great heights, in her opinion. However, she reminds them that there is "no Utopia for weaklings," suggests they organize themselves into a great cooperative body. If its motives are selfish, it will fail, she warns.

How and to what extent a sufferer of a physical defect can help himself was demonstrated a month ago. John Davis, a New York attorney, was told by surgeons that his larynx must be removed because of cancer to save his life. His sounding-board taken out, Attorney Davis learned to inhale deeply, tamed his breathing, was able to speak, tho huskily, from his diaphragm in a month. He found a fellow sufferer in Nicholas Ehrlich, and together they organized the Lost Chord League, which now instructs others similarly afflicted.

Dr. Laird . . . afflictions are assets

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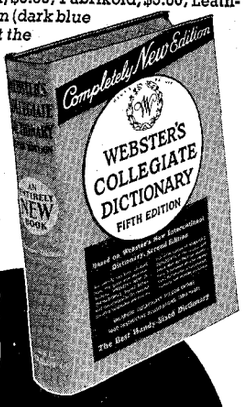

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Boats

CRUISERS FOR LAND-SICK GIPSIES

Ship-Builders Joyful as National Motor Boat Show Opens

Harassed by a surfeit of taxes, overburdened by cares of urban existence, landsmen who like the tang of salt air in their nostrils dreamed all during the depression of cutting themselves adrift on a cozily furnished water dwelling. Envying their next-door neighbors, who, preferring the dust of the highroad, jogged away in their new-fangled auto-trailers, they had a choice of converting an old barge or taking over a hand-me-down rich man's house-boat. As neither was satisfactory, they sat back by radios to wait upon the ingenuity of the boat industry.

Last week they were doomed to disappointment if they expected to find seagoing trailer models at the Thirty-second Annual National Motor Boat Show which opened in New York's Grand Central Palace. In the $1,000,000 array of 120 new, shiny craft and equipment—exhibits of 160 manufacturers in the biggest show since 1929—the good, old-fashioned luxury house-boat was not in evidence.

What awaited them instead were many new designs in sport fishing boats, semi-stream-lined cruisers and inboard runabouts. Offering the greatest model variety in history, exhibits ranged from tiny *kaiaks* to handsome, rakish yachts.

Price Range—Largest and most expensive item was a fifty-four-footer selling at around $30,000; smallest and cheapest, a six-foot sailboat for children, priced at from $10 to $12. Prices of motor-boats of from fifteen to thirty-five feet ranged from $100 to $150 a foot, from thirty-five to fifty-five feet, $150 to $250 a foot.

Longer, of greater beam, bedecked with hundreds of new eye-catching accessories, boats are two-thirds cheaper than in 1929. As builders turned from custom jobs during the depression and developed mass production in lower-price brackets, 90 per cent. of the exhibits on display were stock craft.

House-boats were missing, because, custom-built for the luxury trade, seventy-five-footers costing in the neighborhood of $80,000, they fell from popular favor after 1929. With a resale value of under one-half, these craft were a drug on the brokerage market during the depression. A few have been turned over in the last year; in construction yards only one Maryland firm is said to have been active.

Boat Boom—But all along the line in other pleasure-boat building a tremendous upswing was reported at the national show. Many yards have refused orders, have doubled their labor to meet increasing buyers. After a fairly good year, marked in many cases by a 20 per cent. boost in business, plant executives look forward cheerily in 1937.

Important among builders preparing for the new trade is the Mathis Yacht Building Company, of Camden, New Jersey. It announced that the costly and opulent house-boat had practically disappeared; in its place had come a new-style residential craft. A stream-lined cruiser, in no way a "water-trailer," it is sixty-one feet long, costs about $40,000, compared to $100,000 or $150,000 for the old type

Wide World

Eugene F. McDonald: his yacht is his home

house-boat playthings with their elaborate furnishings and appointments. Comfortable, it accommodates ten persons, has three double staterooms, two baths, fresh-water tanks of 500-gallon capacity. There is a hot-water system for owner's quarters and the deck-house, and a thirty-two-volt electric plant.

Cruiser—Nearby, on the Camden waterfront, was another craft, smaller and costing less, which promises again to be quite in evidence this summer. It is thirty-two feet long, spacious enough for a family of six to sleep, eat and live aboard comfortably. The craft, the *Wheeler's Playmate*, was built in Brooklyn, costs about $2,800.

At the Kensington Shipbuilding Corporation, Foreman E. J. Kershaw said: "More and more people are buying boats. Tin-can tourists with their automobile-trailers may have their place on the highways of the country, but after a while the highways will become so crowded and dangerous that the fad will die out.

"Already, people are casting their lot more and more with the comforts of boating. The trend is to get away from the odorous gasoline fumes of crowded highways and out onto the clean waterways. Families can live comfortably and in comparative economy during the summer months on our rivers and bays. There are all kinds of healthful pastimes and sports to be enjoyed aboard a boat.

"Altho floating families may never become as numerous as the so-called tin-can tourists, yet the popularity of residential boating, during summer months at least, is found to be catching fancy, with notable results along Camden's water-front."

Rendezvous—Chief swanky summer colonies of boat-dwellers are in Port Washington and New Rochelle, New York, where there are good harbors, yacht clubs and easy commuting services to New York. All told, in the summer months about 1,000 yachts are lived in on waters around New York. They form the bulk of the 3,000 yachts of more than sixteen

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tons registered with the Government, among the 400,000 motor-boats in the country. However, fewer than 10 per cent. of registered boats are used exclusively as summer homes.

These vessels are employed largely for week-ends, short trips on holidays or vacations. But, hard by the Long Island north shore, is a former Georgia woman who has a permanent home afloat. In 1934, Miss Katherine Culbertson, a social worker, gave up her Manhattan apartment, bought an old barge for $150. She spent $2,000 on decorations, had it towed to a rustic niche on the edge of Flushing, where she pays $5 a month wharfage, $17 for electricity, oil, coal and water. Graduate of the Sargent School of Physical Education in Boston, a former student at Columbia, Miss Culbertson is thirty-three, tall, auburn-haired, once taught physical education. At home on her *Water Gipsy* with her dog Sinbad, she reads biographies, cooks lamb-chops, says it's great not to pay rent, have no taxes, dispense with street noises, landlords.

Increase—Last week more than 304 yachts were anchored in Biscayne Bay, Miami, second biggest boat-anchorage. More than seventy more are reported *en route* down the inland waterways. Those already there represent an increase of 50 per cent. over the corresponding date a year ago, and some observers believe the increase may reach 100 per cent. by the end of the season.

Not at Miami last week, but moored to the Chicago waterside was one of the few yachts in the country used all the year round for residential purposes. Owned by Eugene F. McDonald, Jr., head of the Zenith Radio Corporation, the 559-ton *Mizpath* is a combined floating laboratory and home. With twin Diesels, a crew of twenty-one, six sleeping-rooms beside living-quarters, it has been the McDonalds's home since 1929, is so popular with them that it seems destined to continue so for years to come.

While 5,000,000 persons live permanently on the rivers and waterways of China, 22,000 in France, at least 100,000 have water under their kitchens and parlors in the United States. Virtually every river and inlet in the country is dotted with barge and boat homes, either afloat or partly afloat. The Mississippi Valley supports most of this nautical population, with the Bayou St. John near New Orleans the most picturesque.

Kansas Yachtsmen—Last week's visitors to the National Boat Show learned that the Midwest region has become a new market for the motor-boat industry. Builders reported they were gradually overcoming landsmen's fear of water there. As a result, they are building up this field, because they feel that one of the reasons they were so badly hit by the depression was the bad distribution of craft-owners in the country.

For this reason boats this year are designed to appeal more to the masses. Prospective buyers saw lean smart lines and gadgets as fascinating as those on the latest automobile. The accessory plants, it was revealed, were the first to forge ahead in the new nautical prosperity, and they went to town with new ideas.

Most important offering: a device which detects gasoline vapor in the hold of a motor-boat, warns the occupants of the danger of explosions. Most interesting offering: a gadget to hold cocktail glasses in a heavy sea.

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Radio

"MIKES" TO PICK UP INAUGURATION

News Broadcasters Lay Wires for Washington's Big Day

"One, two, three, four, five, six—*woof!*"

Not the tag-line of a nursery rime nor the sportive bark of an adult playing with a youngster, this perturbing sentence is likely to puzzle those who listen in on the radio preliminaries to the President's inauguration broadcast. The Columbia Broadcasting System will waggishly permit radio fans to tune in on the cross-talk of its engineers as they make final tests of the elaborate electrical circuits which will carry the inauguration story to the air January 20.

"Woof" is a Topsyish word which has just grown up with radio. It is a sharp monosyllable which kicks up a volume indicator to its peak point, enables engineers to check up on circuit efficiency. Other bits of trade slang will be heard on this unusual Columbia broadcast the evening before Inauguration day, but no profanity. Radio engineers, never certain that a slip somewhere along the line may not put them on the air, are a notably circumspect clan.

Preparation—This week, the engineers of all the national networks are busy at Washington completing the most elaborate radio installations in history for the coverage of a single event in a single city. Since the first week of January the radio vanguard has been swarming all over Washington, cocking an eye at strategic spots for microphones, cajoling the authorities into giving permission to carry out this or that pet stunt. Three national networks are covering the event, the Columbia Broadcasting System, National Broadcasting Company and the Mutual network, the latter just out of its swaddling clothes as the country's third network with nation-wide coverage. In addition, NBC and CBS will short-wave the inauguration ceremonies to the world at large, and the British Broadcasting Company and the German Reichsrundfunkgesellschaft (State Radio Company) will pick up events direct through NBC facilities.

Altogether, the inauguration will be radio's best-reported "special event" of the year. From the moment he leaves the White House until he reaches the reviewing-stands at the east portico of the Capitol, President Roosevelt will be constantly under the eye of radio announcers. NBC has spotted twenty-six pick-up points at strategic locations; CBS has better than a score. Ambulant announcers will mingle with the crowd, wearing seven-and-a-half-pound microwave transmitters powered by dry cells.

These units, a development of the past year, will carry the announcer's voice a half-mile. It is picked up on a regular set and if what he has to say is important enough, it is shunted to the network. Mobile units, which are more powerful transmitting stations on wheels, will take part in the parade. NBC will have an announcer riding a horse in the parade, with a microwave unit concealed in his top hat. On the reviewing-platform where the President will take the oath of office, stationary mikes will be placed. Crack news-commentators of all the networks will give running accounts of events, the "color" story.

Control Men—All of these scattered patrols will be coordinated by men who themselves will be out of sight beneath the Capitol steps and won't get a glimpse of what is going on. It's not done by mirrors but by short-wave communication. In the Capitol dome and the top of the Washington monument, short-wave transmitters and receivers have been installed. A. A. Schechter for NBC and Paul White for Columbia are the human clearing-houses who will give their announcers the air as they may deserve it. The director wears a two-way head-phone—to his left ear comes the cue-line, bringing reports from the army of announcers. The right ear is hooked up to the network line and hears what is being broadcast to the country. Thus, if an announcer pleads for the air with a hot news bulletin, the director can make his decision on the instant.

Seventy men will be required to cover the inauguration for NBC, including twenty engineers from New York and others from Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. Columbia will have twenty announcers and forty to fifty engineers. Mutual is sending six engineers, six announcers. Both Columbia and NBC will have two mobile transmitters, radio stations on wheels weighing eight tons. Weight of equipment shipped by NBC to Washington for the event totals seventeen tons. Every microphone, every foot of wire is installed in duplicate. In addition there is a "P. L." or private telephone line paralleling all circuits, so the stations are covered three ways in event of emergencies.

In the Air—Columbia is using a blimp with a short-wave transmitter. Air coverage for NBC is provided by a big Douglas plane which will give a running picture of the inauguration and will also flash short-wave broadcasts to police cars warning them of points where traffic jams occur.

Altho this is the third inauguration which radio has covered, it is the first in January and the networks were pretty much worried about the weather. Digging into the record for the past twenty years, NBC emerged with the prediction that Inauguration day will be fair, without snow, and the temperature above freezing. In the event of severe weather the inauguration ceremonies will be held inside the Senate chamber, and all the costly outdoor radio set-up will be so much waste effort. Duplicate installations have been made in the Senate to cover such an emergency.

Ask the radio bigwigs what the broadcast of the inauguration will cost and they can only shrug helplessly. The broadcast comes under the head of public service, returns no revenue. The principal costs will be expressed in the cancellation of commercial programs to make way for non-sponsored inauguration news, and nobody knows how many such programs may be forced off the air. Personnel expenses are also heavy. Since November, NBC has had forty hotel rooms reserved for its staff. There aren't any rooms available now for the inauguration, and this week Washington hotel transients found cards like this on their dressers: "This room has been previously reserved for January 20. If you intend to stay in the city for the inauguration, please notify the management."

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Wings

TABLOID TUTOR IN THIS FLYING GAME

Lieut. Jordanoff Writes Second Guide for Aspiring Aviators

ASSEN JORDANOFF taught his wife to fly. Now he's sorry. Teaching wives to fly is like teaching them to play bridge or drive a car.

Too soon there's back-seat driving to contend with.

Undaunted, the Bulgarian ace wants to teach every one else to fly. First, he wrote "Flying, How to Do It." This week, his second tabloid tutor on aviation is being published.*

Flying is taught in planes with dual controls. Mrs. Jordanoff, the former Alice Grant Patton of Louisville, President Grant's grandniece, flying with her husband, wanted to try a whirl at the stick. Knowing that she was a deft horsewoman, Jordanoff felt she would make a skilful aviatress.

Bumpy Weather—On one of their first training flights in somewhat dirty weather, they were bouncing along at 1,800 feet. She asked him to take over the controls. He replied that this was a swell chance to learn how to handle a plane in a bumpy sky.

No one took charge while they dropped 1,000 feet. Then Mrs. Jordanoff took the stick. She never again was afraid.

Another time, in Upstate New York, they flew above the clouds. Mrs. Jordanoff, in front, couldn't see the earth. She concluded they didn't know where they were, while her husband was sure he knew.

As they dropped through the clouds they argued the point. In sight of ground, they found they were right over their destination. On their way back, a summer storm blew up over the mountains above Poughkeepsie.

Notes—Mrs. Jordanoff insisted that they land, for this was no time to be aloft. Instead, the Lieutenant started climbing. With the motor's increasing drone, back-chat became impossible, so Mrs. Jordanoff began scribbling notes.

At last she wrote: "If you don't care about me, think of your family."

They landed as a nasty rain-squall blew up. As they got out of the plane, she exclaimed:

"You see, I was right."

Long before that, Lieutenant Jordanoff had flown in something worse than a rain-squall, for he first went up in the box-kite crates of 1912.

That was in the First Balkan War, when he was a member of the first military aero squadron ever organized.

There were no machine-guns, spitting 1,000 rounds a minute, on planes of that remote era. Pilots often carried rifles and pistols, but only to give themselves courage that, if forced down, they could defend their lives.

Early Bombs—To-day, Lieutenant Jordanoff can remember, at his base, Mustafa Pasha, about fifteen miles west of Adrianople, one of the best Turkish fortifications, making some of the first air-plane bombs.

"They were made out of tin cans stuffed with high explosive. A jar filled with sulfuric acid was also put into the can, with a few other things which made the bomb very sensitive . . . as it needed to fall only a short distance and, upon hitting the ground, the glass jar would break and everything else after it. . . .

"With such bombs in my arms, into the plane we would go and up into the air, hoping that during the take-off the landing-gear would not collapse and burst the jars."

When the bomb lands, nothing happens.

"Why?

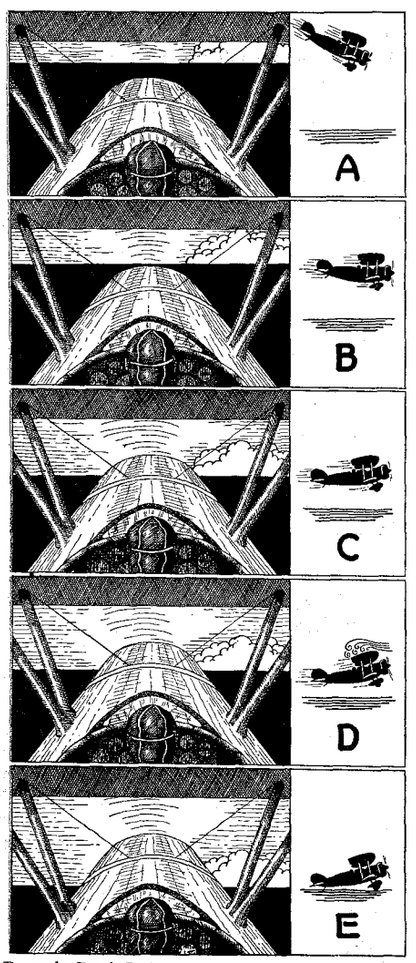
"Because it is going to fall in an empty field, at least a mile away from the object it was aimed at. What a relief for both sides, particularly ours!"

During the World War, Lieutenant Jordanoff was an ace in the Bulgarian Flying Corps. He designed, built and flew his country's first plane (1914). Like many another famous flying Slav, he came to America after the War (1921).

Since then he has been associated with Curtiss-Wright and other American aircraft companies as pilot, technician and sales-manager.

He's still keen about flying, but not with his wife at the dual controls.

* "Your Wings." By Assen Jordanoff. 281 pp. with 423 scientific drawings by Frank Carlson (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; $2.50).



Drawn by Frank Carlson

How to land: follow Jordanoff at controls and look straight forward

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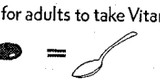

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

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Parade

A notice on the bulletin board from **William Allen White** introduced Copy, a black tom-cat, to the staff of the Emporia, Kansas, *Gazette*.

"Mice are overrunning the basement. I have, therefore, decided to add to our already extensive equipment one double-cylinder, T-model, repossessed cat. Be good to the cat! Don't let him feed in the melting-pot and don't throw slugs at him for walking on the keyboards of the linotypes. The girls in the front office will feed him."

* * *

The **National Association of Teachers of Speech** decided that the ten ugliest, most unpleasant words in the English language were: phlegmatic, crunch, flatulent, cacophony, treachery, sap, jazz, plutocrat, gripe and plump.

* * *

Patricia Havens-Monteagle, Hollywood social light, has the most perfect neck-line in the film city, according to Katherine Stuberg, twenty-five-year-old sculptress. Having modeled more than 125 celebrities, the artist is now completing a wax bust of Miss Monteagle.

Acme

Patricia Havens-Monteagle has perfect neck-line, according to Katherine Stuberg

* * *

Who is the **average Englishman?** The London *Dispatch* conducted a survey and came to these conclusions: He is thirty years old, has been married three years, has one child. He is just short of five feet, eight inches tall. His favorite color in socks and ties is blue. Gray is next. He prefers "mouse-trap" cheese to Gorgonzola or *Camembert*. His Sunday dinner is composed of roast beef, baked potatoes and Brussels sprouts. He likes apple desserts. He doesn't go to church but denies he is an atheist, shies at the word "agnostic." By preference he reads detective and mystery stories, biographies and travel books. He reads no romantic novels, no poetry, no philosophy, altho he will buy a book on health efficiency if it doesn't cost more than fifty cents. He won't answer questions about his secret aspirations or physiological reactions. He owns a cat, his wife has light brown hair, her hips measure thirty-seven inches.

* * *

"You Americans have so many automobiles. You seem to live in them," declared **Albert C. Sijthoff,** Publisher of *Haagsche Courant,* The Hague. "Hollanders live in a sense on wheels—bicycle wheels. We have 3,000,000 of them in Holland."

* * *

Catriona Louise MacLean, seventeen-year-old Scottish girl, went to law to fight for legal recognition as chieftain of a Highland clan, that of MacLean of Ardgour. The dispute arose when the girl contended clan headship must pass to lineal heirs regardless of sex. A cousin argues the chieftainship must pass to male heirs.

* * *

New Guinea natives object to white people "going" native. According to **L. P. Ledoux,** American anthropologist, whites must shave and remain dignified, in keeping with the supposed prestige of the white man. "I built my own house," he said, "and dressed myself in a shirt, shorts and straw hat. But the natives insisted that I should keep my own place as a white man and also, as a matter of respect to their own high standard of living, insisted I should shave and keep my hair combed."

* * *

"All a man needs to be a good poet is to have a pair of good eyes and to live in the State of Maine," said **Robert P. Tristram Coffin,** Pulitzer Prize-winner.

* * *

Charles Farrell, former film star, said in Paris he had lost all interest in pictures. "I don't think I'll go on playing in pictures," he stated. "I love traveling too much and I hate studios: too many selfish, cold-blooded women who think of nothing but personal glory and for whom nothing counts, not even love . . . ."

* * *

"Stompin' the tractor" is the game **Paul Whiteman,** jazz orchestra *maestro,* plays when he gets down on his farm in Texas. Result of a recent six-months' engagement in the Lone Star State is that a large piece of land was given to him. Now Whiteman plans to go back every year, build a hacienda near the Rio Grande.

Paul Whiteman: the maestro masters a tractor

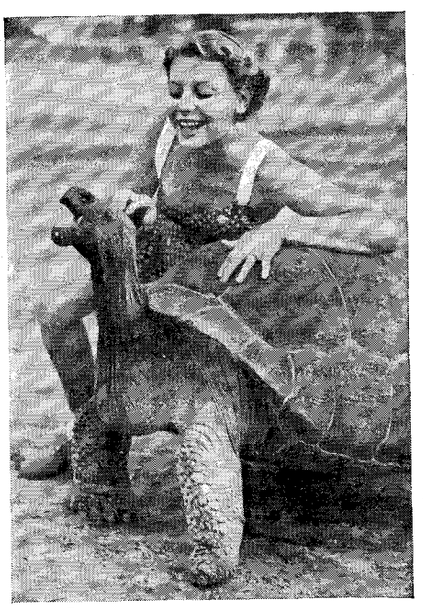
Mexico is the modern laboratory where problems of the world are being worked out, declared **Renato Cantu-Lara,** Mexican Consul in Los Angeles. "Many considered it a blunder of my country," he said, "when it left the gold standard in order to stabilize its money. Years after, many other countries have done the same thing. Mexico started the devaluation of the *peso,* established a fixed type of exchange." As other progressive movements he cited modernization of all cities; protection of the laboring classes; control, yet welcome of foreign capital; modern highways; extensive air-plane service, and cultural broadcasts.

* * *

Sir Otto Hillig was among the New York State Assemblymen who convened for the opening of the Legislature at Albany. Hillig was knighted by King Christian of Denmark after his transatlantic flight in 1931. He believes he is the first ocean flier to become a lawmaker.

* * *

Even Gertie, the Giant Tortoise of the San Diego Zoo, likes to have her head scratched. Especially does the turtle like it when **Betty Scheidle** does the scratching. Betty's from California, but Gertie's from the barren Galapagos Islands.



Pictures Inc.

Betty Scheidle of San Diego with her captive Gertie from the Galapagos Islands

Prof. W. H. Krogman of Western Reserve University scoffs at the idea that ancestors of 5,000 years ago were stout, rugged fellows. The average span of life in those days, he contends, was twenty-nine years. More than half the population had bad teeth. "More than one-quarter of the adults," he added, "showed arthritis severe enough to cause bone changes."

* * *

Joseph Lewis, President of the Freethinkers of America and Secretary of the Thomas Paine Bicentennial Committee, sailed for France. He will present to the French Government a statue of Thomas Paine recently completed by the American sculptor Gutzon Borglum. The statue will be unveiled in Paris on January 28, the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the American writer. Edouard Herriot, President of the French Chamber of Deputies, will accept the statue in the name of the French Government.

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Topics in Brief

THE ENGLISH are now worrying about Princess Elizabeth's husband. They fear he'll be an American.—*Manchester Union.*

A PESSIMIST is a man who is able to discern the difference between the public being light-hearted and just light-headed. —*Dallas News.*

"COMPARED with other periods in history, the world to-day is quiet," writes an essayist. In fact you can almost hear a bomb drop.—*Punch.*

HAVING recovered most of his losses in the international poker game, Hitler now thinks he could use some of Stalin's red chips.—*Sales Management.*

GERMANY has ended dramatic criticism but Mexicans are still allowed to throw pop bottles at the bulls when they won't fight.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

THE TREASURY has up its sleeve $87,000,000 to be used in a WPA emergency, which, no doubt, Mr. Hopkins will be able to develop.—*Indianapolis News.*

AMERICANS who once worried about not being able to buy an automobile are now fretting because they have to wait three weeks for delivery.—*Newark (Ohio) Advocate.*

TRAILERS now on the road seem shipshape and tidy. It may be another ten to fifteen years before the Gipsy life produces the rolling slum.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

OGDEN MILLS, Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury, who said the Republicans would save the country's finances, slept soundly while a burglar looted his bedroom.—*Federated Press.*

"DON'T swing to Left or Right," lecturer advises America, "the safest place is the middle of the road." The speaker must be unfamiliar with our automobile statistics. —*Dallas News.*

NEW YORK GIRL who objected to fingerprinting, added she wouldn't care if they tattooed her where it wouldn't show. And where would that be?—*Florida Times-Union (Jacksonville).*

A FEDERAL grand jury indicted five Edmonson Countyans for stealing a barn on the Mammoth Cave preserve. Of course, it was useless to lock the horse.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A KENTUCKY school superintendent fired five times at a burglar, but missed him every time. The professor needs to do some reviewing on triggernometry.—*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

"THE FUR of the Rhesus monkey," we read, "will grow longer overnight to protect the animal from cold." Unfortunately, nature has not provided a comparable compensating system for the taxpayer.—*South Bend Tribune.*

AFTER January 1 Berlin bakers will be prohibited from selling fresh bread in an effort to cut down the consumption of the inadequate wheat supply. The people who have stomached Hitler, however, may be expected to eat stale bread and like it.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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No beard is too thick or wiry for the Schick Shaver even though it grow in the tenderest skin. When the old, blade-calloused skin has been replaced by skin of a natural texture (about three weeks is necessary) then a quick clean shave is a matter of minutes. There are no blades in the Schick. You cannot cut nor scrape yourself. You use no lather, no preparation whatever.

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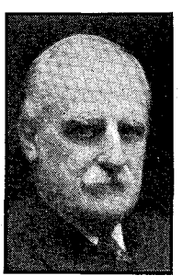

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WINTER'S SNOW FOR SKIING PARADISE

Racing Turns and Obstacle Jumps Come After Fundamentals

As international as horse-racing, the ancient Norwegian art of skiing this year has definitely proven itself not a passing fetish but a permanent feature of the greatest winter sports era in American history. (See cover.)

Last week, while patrons of the amazingly popular Eastern ski trains turned envious eyes toward Western snow areas and impatiently awaited colder weather in their own bailiwicks, Americans from Coast to Coast took stock of a bewildering array of books, newspaper and magazine articles, lectures and demonstrations testifying to their new-found, intense interest in the sport.

Without venturing further afield than the neighborhood movie theater, a neophyte can learn what to wear, where to go, how much to spend, and, not the least important, how to get up after falling down. Later, if experimental research has not discouraged him, he can delve into the intricate literature of *Christianias, Telemarks, Gelandesprunge, Quersprunge* and other turns and jumps whose importation has materially increased the work of American dictionary and liniment makers.

What to Buy—Proper equipment is the first consideration for a beginner. The usual method of determining the correct length for skis is to stand erect with one arm extended above the head. The ski should be just long enough to reach from the floor to the base of the thumb.

Most skis are made of ash or hickory. The ashen cost between $7 and $15 a pair. Hickory skis are heavier, stronger and more expensive, running anywhere from $13 to $25. Whatever the material or cost, they're properly pronounced "skeez" by every one except Norwegians, who call them "sheez."

A binding, or harness, to fasten the boot to the ski is absolutely necessary. Skiers have only profound contempt for a simple, leather strap into which purchasers of cheap skis thrust their toes. Good bindings, which hold the toe tightly in place and permit free heel movement, cost between $2.25 and $20 a pair.

Warm Feet—The boots, too, are important. They should have stiff box toes and heavy leather soles. And be large enough to take care of two or more pairs of heavy woolen socks. Boots average between $6.50 and $20.

As for the poles, or sticks, another "must," they should be long enough to reach to the skier's armpits. They boost the total investment from $2.25 to $10 more, but even the greenest novices who have tried going up-hill without them know they are essential.

Clothing? Almost anything goes, but experts recommend woolen underwear and loosely fitting pants and jackets. It isn't necessary to bundle up like Admiral Byrd in the Antarctic. Nor wise, either. Skiing is a strenuous business. It's easier to get too warm than too cold.

Other accouterments, ranging in importance from ski wax (there are at least thirty-five different kinds for various conditions) to ventilated snow goggles, can push the outlay up indefinitely. But a respectable outfit, including one round-trip fare to a near-by mountain, shouldn't cost more than $20.

Beginning—The fundamentals of skiing, not overly difficult to master, are learning to move easily on level ground, turning around, climbing up-hill, and coming down-grade without spilling every few yards. Turns, jumps and stunts come later. On the average, it takes about three years to learn all the movements of skiing and be fairly well equipped to dash down unknown trails with comparative impunity.

Since falling is, at first, almost habitual, novices must acquire technique in that department. The best way to fall is on the side rather than on the back. The worst way, when a spill seems imminent, is to sit down. There may be rocks underneath the snow.

Beginners, as well as experts, can avoid losing balance by bending the knees and keeping one ski forward. If a flop still seems a question of seconds, the skis should be turned in the direction of the fall to regain balance.

Running Jump—For advanced skiers, one of the most spectacular movements is the *Gelandesprunge*, or obstacle jump, used for leaping over ditches, fences, rock piles, snow-drifts and the like. Accomplished with or without poles, it involves a low crouch, with skis close together, followed by a sudden spring which draws the knees almost up to the chest.

Until five years ago, when the first evidences of a coming American boom in skiing brought well-known foreign experts to this country, first-rate ski instruction was limited almost exclusively to Europe. Before the recent challenge by Austria, Switzerland held a virtual monopoly on the winter sports business abroad, and it still draws thousands of Americans and Europeans.

Cost—With the largest skiing area in Europe, Switzerland has seventy schools where licensed instructors teach the Swiss method for anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five cents per half-day.

The celebrated Arlberg method made famous by the Austrian, Hannes Schneider, places emphasis on doing everything from the low-crouch position. The Swiss school uses the low crouch, but advocates a change of position, depending on the terrain and the snow.

Most famous, most fashionable, and most expensive of the fifty or more Swiss resorts is St. Moritz in the Graubunden district, near the Italian border. Known and respected by expert skiers for its tremendous down-hill run at near-by Corviglia, St. Moritz is probably more generally noted among sportsmen for its Cresta toboggan slide. Three-quarters of a mile long, the Cresta run drops 514 feet, permitting an average speed of forty-five and a maximum speed of more than sixty miles an hour.

St. Moritz is also a mecca, altho this year's world speed and European speed and figure skating championships will be held at Davos on January 30-31.

Most spectacular of the skiing events attracting experts to St. Moritz this season is the famed Flying Kilometer race on February 18. Using heavy, specially-built skis, competitors have plunged down the nearly vertical course at speeds as high as eighty-four miles an hour.

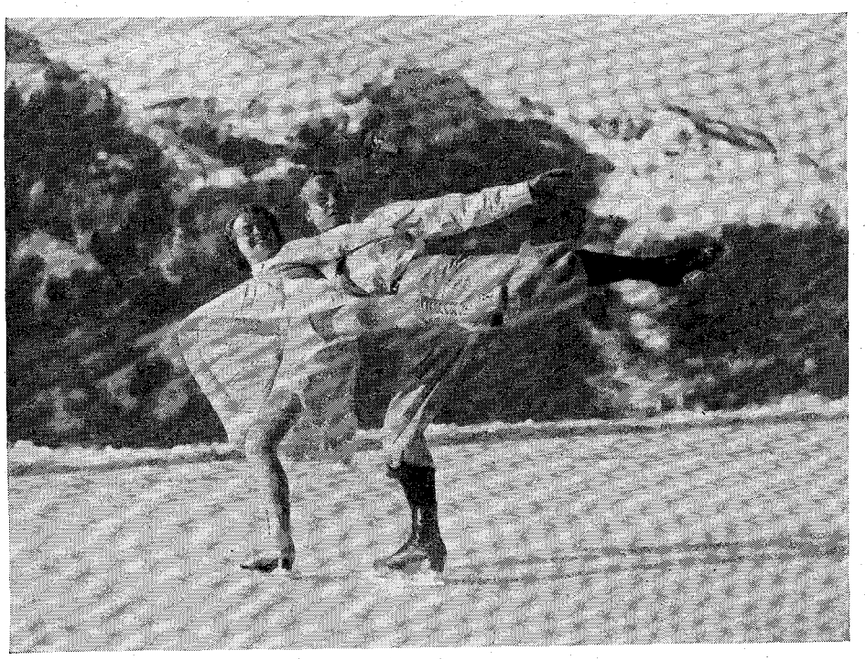

Photo by Gabi

In the lee of the Swiss Alps: this is why they call it figure skating

WILD ANIMALS: Clyde Beatty Returns from Europe, Still Seeking "Tigron"

"Ladeez an' gentulmen! We now preezent—as our feature attrackshun—the greatest trainer of wild animals the world has ever known—offering for your approval his sensachunal act of thirty-six mixed lions and tigers, all feeroshus beasts of the jungle! We give you—Clyde Beatty!"

With the ghost of a smile on his handsome face, a slight, curly-haired young man walks quickly into the spotlight of

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the Big Tent, takes his bow, and calmly watches the snarling animals scuttle down the barred runway and into the circular, steel cage.

Three dozen lions and tigers of assorted sexes, each ready to spring and slay at the rustle of a whisker, mill about the small, enclosed ring, fretfully awaiting the entrance of a smiling young man whose intelligence alone can control them from tearing themselves, and him, to ribbons.

"Tigron"—Last week, this same Clyde Beatty, home from a slightly disappointing trip to Europe, returned to his winter quarters in Rochester, Indiana, where he will whip the act into shape for the coming season and attempt to breed a satisfactory "tigron," cross between the two natural enemies he works in the show.

During the off-season, Beatty went to Berlin to inspect a tigron. There had been three others (two in the Munich Zoo, one in the London Zoo), but they died. He was disappointed in Berlin's specimen.

"It looked too much like a big female lion," he said. "It had faint stripes around the legs, but they wouldn't have shown up in the big cage."

But some day, if he can breed them successfully, he hopes to add several tigrons to his troupe of performing cats.

Training—Clyde Beatty started in on domestic cats and dogs in his back yard at Chillicothe, Ohio, when he was about five years old. When fifteen he got a job as cage boy with a circus and left home. Now, at thirty-two, he has his own show.

As the ringmaster announces, the thirty-six lions and tigers are all "feeroshus." Most of Beatty's cats are jungle-bred. Hand-raised animals are too docile. They don't put on nearly so good a show as their wilder brethren. What circus fans want is a continual fight between man and beast—with man winning, of course.

When Beatty gets a lion or tiger from the jungle, he doesn't even try to tame it. He lets it become accustomed to the big cage first, then schools it to mount a pedestal. Later, if it is a particularly intelligent animal, he may teach it a trick.

Intelligence—Beatty, incidentally, finds his big cats as intelligent as dogs. The difference in training is that you can't put your hands on a lion or tiger to show it what to do. Also, cats are stubborn. They don't want to learn.

Female cats are, on the average, more easily trained than males. They are neither as suspicious nor as headstrong. Leopards are never used successfully. They're too tricky.

The danger in Beatty's act lies in mixing lions and tigers. The two species are natural enemies. Coming from different continents (the lion from Africa, the tiger from Asia), they are extremely suspicious of each other. Natural instinct prompts them to fight anything strange. The only thing that saves Beatty from being mauled at every show is that the animals hate each other more than they hate him.

Fights—In a fight a lion can ordinarily whip a tiger. A lion has certain physical advantages. Its mane, for one thing, protects its throat. And the average lion is bigger and heavier than the average tiger, in the face of the striped cat's superior speed and ferocity.

Beatty has ample evidence refuting the tiger's much publicized superiority. Once, for instance, he had a huge lion named Cæsar. Twice within a month the lion, who was top-mounter of the big pyramid the animals pose in the cage, leaped down during the performance and killed a tiger. The customers liked it, but Beatty was forced to take Cæsar out of the act.

The most dangerous part of Beatty's show is the first minute. When the animals are running loose in the cage, anything can happen. Beatty gets their attention by shooting his gun and cracking his whip. Then he enters from the little safety cage.

Weapon—Beatty's only weapon is an ordinary kitchen-chair. The four legs give an irate cat so many focal points on which to concentrate that it forgets its peeve. The whip, contrary to general belief, is not used as a weapon, but simply to give the animals their cues.

The fact that the whip cracks when Beatty snaps it is proof enough. If it actually struck an animal's hide it would make a dull, cutting sound. The gun is used to distract the animal's attention and scare it off when it feels like getting tough.

The big cats are fed once a day, usually around 3:30 in the afternoon, right after the first show. Each gets about fifteen pounds of beef. As pets, their appalling appetite is only one of many draw-backs. A baby lion or tiger is very cute, but it grows up to be a spoiled brat. If it doesn't get its own way, it sulks. And 500 pounds of sulking lion around the house is too much for most people.

Life—As a rule, lions and tigers live longer in captivity than they do in the wilds. Beatty worked one lion, Tommy, until it was twenty-one years old. Then Tommy ceased believing Beatty was boss. Beatty gave him to the Seattle Zoo. He's still there.

The longevity law applies only to cats born in the wilds and raised in captivity, tho. Cats born in captivity live about twelve years. In the jungle, they live about thirty. Beatty's animals, jungle-born, last slightly longer.

Tho Beatty gets most of his cats straight from the jungle, in a pinch he will use one born over here. Many of them come from Gay's Lion Farm, in California. A good, jungle-bred animal costs from $500 to $1,500. Captive-born ones are a drug on the market. Any one who really wants a lion could probably get one free, but the market price is from $100 to $200 a pair. William Randolph Hearst has four for sale.

In September, 1933, Clyde Beatty married Harriet Evans, a trapeze performer and bareback rider. Now she works a mixed animal act of her own. Pretty, blonde, about five feet tall, she thinks animal-training is "lots of fun."

"In working with horses, or in aerial work, everything is the same," she says. "The routine never varies. Here you never know what's going to happen."

PRO TENNIS: Sick Perry Beats Sick Vines in First Professional Match

In England, thirteen years ago, doctors warned a nervous, scrawny youngster to "get outside and play" lest he develop serious illness. The youngster obliged. Within ten years, he became an accomplished rugby and cricket player, an international ping-pong champion, and the best tennis amateur in the world.

Last week, twenty-six-year-old Frederick John Perry formally abdicated the amateur tennis throne he occupied for three years by playing Henry Ellsworth Vines, Jr., of Pasadena, California, the world's leading professional, in New York City's Madison Square Garden.

Record Gate—Because of Perry's unfamiliarity with canvas-covered, indoor courts and because of his opponent's formidable reputation as a money player, betters made Vines a 2-to-1 favorite. Because the match promised to end long disputes over who is the world's best player, 17,630 people, the largest crowd in tennis history, paid a record-making $58,119.50 to see it.

Disappointing as a spectacle because both men were definitely off form, the match saw Perry, just recovering from a heavy cold, beat Vines, running an influenza temperature of 101.5, 7-5, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4.

Explaining the unexpected outcome of the first of almost sixty exhibition matches they will play during the next three months, Perry said:

"We were both sick, but he was sicker than I was."

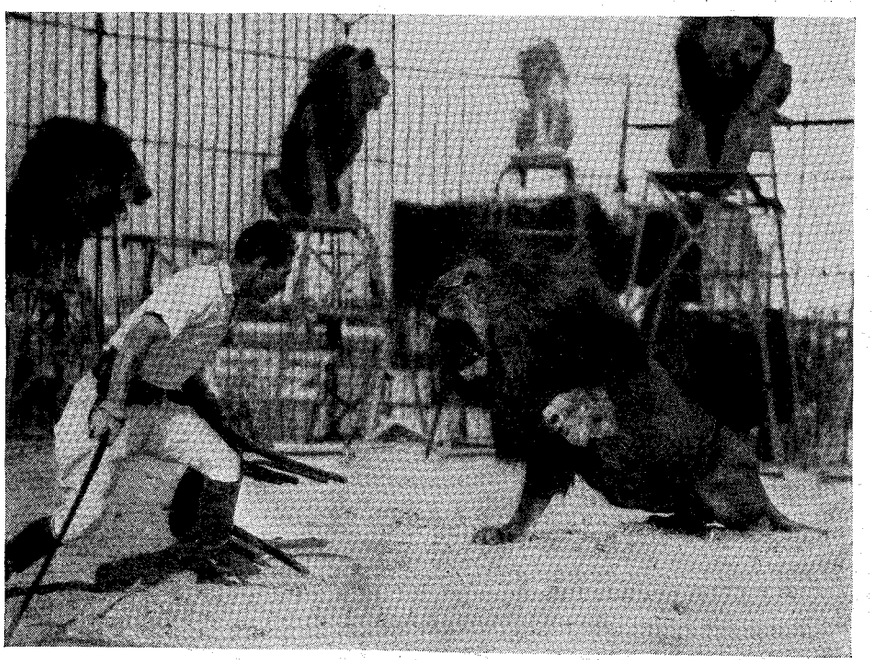

Photo by Klopfenstein from Acme

Clyde Beatty and friend rehearse for the Big Show

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LUXURY: RAYON TO CLOTHE MILADY

Lingerie from Machines; Competition Makes Silk Cheaper

Woman may now clothe herself with rayon from head to foot; which is to say, from panties to coat, from hat to shoes. Also she can rest in a rayon taffeta-upholstered easy-chair, can decorate her home with rayon wall-paper and rayon drapes.

If she is moderately well informed, the woman consumer already knows that rayon goes into a thousand and one products, into air-plane wings and gas masks and linings for coffins. If she is exceptionally well informed, she knows that next month will see rayon go into still more products, and the month after into still more.

Knowing this, she might well suspect that the rayon industry has been hard put to keep pace with the demand its researchers and promotion men inspire. In this she would be wholly right. The robust young industrial giant has not only been puffing along at capacity for months, but has not been able to meet weavers' needs. And the growing industrial youngster will continue to fall behind demand until sometime in 1938, when most producers will have expanded their plants to push present production of man-made fiber forward an estimated 25 per cent.

Over-Ordered—Last week, sixteen rayon yarn producers opened their books for weavers' orders to be delivered in March, promptly closed them again. Not unusual were the estimates of some that they had been able to fill only 50 per cent. of orders.

This sort of experience was nothing new to an industry whose production had climbed upward like the hypotenuse of a right triangle from the start. From the 364,000 pounds in its initial year of 1911, rayon in 1920 had topped the ten million-pound mark. By 1935, production exceeded 250,000,000 pounds, and was 700 per cent. better than the 1923 output. Last year, American rayon producers nearly reached 300,000,000 pounds, accounted for one-fourth of the world's rayon manufacture.

To observers in the field, then, the new year's auspicious start provided nothing to marvel about. A lay observer, noting the price of rayon, however, might have reason to marvel. Despite the continuing shortage, the price remained monotonously the same. In 1920, to be sure, rayon had cost $6 a pound, but that was before improved production methods brought it down. Through 1935 it held steadily at 57 cents a pound; last year, it increased slightly to 60 cents.

Poser—The puzzled observer might have wondered, "don't prices always rise when there is a shortage?"

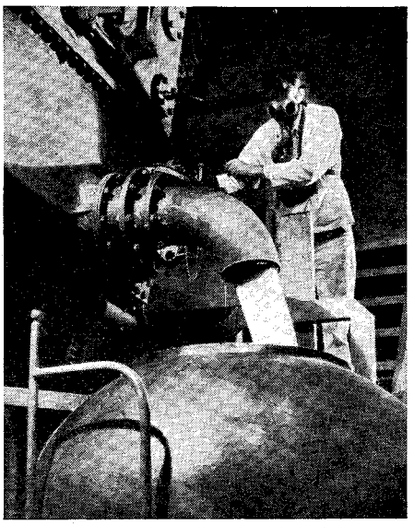
The answer is, not in rayon; and a rayon man could easily give three reasons why rayon prices haven't gone up:

First, rayon producers feel that 60 cents a pound yields an adequate profit.

Second, most important producers are now speeding plant expansion to meet the risen demand. The du Pont Rayon Co. plans to increase its 47,500,000 annual production by 9,000,000 pounds. The Viscose Co. plans to increase its 95,000,000-pound production by 20,000,000 pounds. Producers are reluctant to raise prices for a little less than a year, then reduce them when plant facilities are expanded.

Photos courtesy of Tennessee Eastman Corp.

Cotton-linters are dumped into mixer with chemicals to form cellulose solution



From mixer the cellulose in liquid form is run into huge jars for ripening

Finally, rayon yarn is wound on cones for the weaving- and knitting-mills

Third reason for failure of prices to rise is the most fascinating of all. That reason is Japan.

For the ironic truth is that Japan, whose silk industry American rayon has badly hobbled, has come back with a synthetic fiber industry which this year will produce more rayon than America will. That means Japan will produce more rayon than any other nation in the world. And Japan's rayon industry, founded on labor as cheap as only an Oriental economy can make it, is a loaded pistol pointed at the heart of American rayon.

It works like this: At 60 cents a pound, American producers can keep their $185,000,000 industry (latest value of manufactures) going at a reasonable profit. But Japan can sell its rayon for 20 cents, and even if one adds the American 45-cent-a-pound rayon duty, the Japanese can still sell in the American market at 65 cents. Which means that American rayon prices currently cannot top 65 cents without opening American dikes to a flood of Japanese rayon.

Advancement—Japanese progress in rayon, domestic producers insist, is truly a remarkable bit of industrial *ju-jutsu*. It is remarkable first because it took the Japanese a bare six years to achieve world leadership in synthetic fiber (in quantity production, at any rate). As recently as 1930, the Nipponese were turning out only 36,000,000 pounds of rayon annually.

The rise of Japanese rayon output is remarkable also because Japan produces most of the world's silk. And what the devil does a silk-producing country mean by manufacturing a machine-made fiber which to a large degree accounts for the present plight of silk? The answer is that the close-knit, family-like industrial community in Japan is made up of realists who must have foreseen even a decade ago what American ingenuity might do to silk.

They might well have foreseen, for instance, just the sort of thing that the Commodity Exchange in New York reported last week, namely, that silk deliveries to American mills last year (50,000,000 pounds) had touched the lowest point in years, that silk consumption remained considerably under predepression levels and even under the levels of the first depression years.

And when one remembers that America takes about 90 per cent. of all silk produced in Japan, he will appreciate how truly foresighted Japanese industrialists were. Between 1925 and '29, Japan sold to America some 70,000,000 pounds of raw silk annually. The average price a pound during that period was $5.50. To-day, the price of raw silk at New York is $2.

Exchange Rate—It is true that the Japanese can get more yen for their dollars to-day than they could in 1929 (before the yen was devalued), and that the $3.50 difference between the current price and that of 1929 gives an exaggerated picture of the silk-price reduction. But even at that, the Japanese are to-day getting much less relatively for their silk than they did in 1929.

Nor can silk exporters raise their price much above $2, because whenever silk costs more than three times as much as rayon, the synthetic fiber producers rush in and snip off a little bit more of the silk market.

In 1920, consumers took three pounds

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of silk to every pound of rayon. Now, for every pound of silk sold, domestic producers sell five pounds of rayon. This means not only that silk consumption has lost to the extent that rayon has gained, it means also that millions of women who otherwise might have worn cotton slips and chemises and stockings are now able to wear rayon clothing.

Hosiery—Yet inexorably, and as rapidly as research genius can iron out relative quality shortcomings, rayon is cutting into silk. The one remaining silk citadel to withstand the onslaught of rayon is women's full-fashioned hosiery, for rayon as yet can not achieve the elasticity and extreme strength that silk gives in this product.

Of the 50,000 bales of silk used monthly in 1929, probably 20,000 went into hosiery. Altho silk consumption had slumped to 37,000 bales monthly last year, the demand by hosiery producers rose to about 25,000 bales.

Silk, of course, is not the only loser to rayon. In 1920, producers sold 340 pounds of cotton to every pound of rayon. In 1936, the ratio was only eleven pounds cotton to one pound of rayon. In 1920, similarly, producers sold thirty pounds of wool to every pound of rayon. In 1936, the ratio was three pounds rayon to four pounds wool.

Copyist—What is rayon, anyway? It is a man-made fiber, and in producing it, man follows as closely as he can the method by which nature produces silk. Both rayon and silk come basically from cellulose, the difference being that nature, utilizing the silkworm as the manufacturing plant, gets cellulose from mulberry-leaves, while man gets cellulose from cotton-linters, or from spruce wood-pulp.

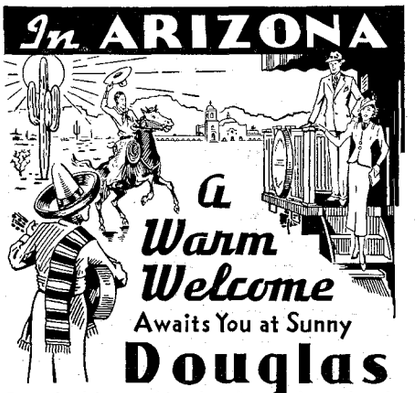
The silkworm digests the cellulose, produces a liquid which it squirts into the air from two natural nozzles in its head. When the fluid hits the air it congeals into a fine filament. With it the silkworm fashions its cocoon. For man-made fiber, cellulose is digested by chemicals in a vat which corresponds to the silkworm's stomach. The liquid so produced is squirted under pressure through microscopic apertures in a platinum spinnerret. This—man's substitute for the silkworm's mouth—contains openings three-thousandths of an inch in diameter. Machines catch the congealed filament as it leaves the spinnerret, spin it into yarn.

The cloth resulting from this process first made itself known to women shoppers as pink, shiny stuff to be purchased from bargain basement counters. To-day research has rescued rayon from the basements and proudly displayed it in smart Fifth Avenue shops in New York, Michigan Boulevard shops in Chicago, Hollywood Boulevard shops in Los Angeles.

Approved—At New York's swank Beaux Arts Ball recently, rayon achieved the final and indubitable stamp of smart consumers' approval. The ball was dubbed "Fête de Rayon Fantastique," and two thousand members of New York's "400" reveled in rayon.

While the Ball indicated rayon's acceptance by fashion and the *haut monde*, it indicated even more the alert showmanship of the industry. This showmanship has persistently and ingeniously dramatized rayon's qualities.

With comely manikins and continuing style shows, producers boldly emphasize the point that rayon is not an imitation of any other fiber. It is versatile and has qualities all its own. Dirt, say rayon



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producers, does not adhere as readily to rayon as to rough, uneven surfaces. Thus it is practical for chemises, light summer clothes, curtains. White rayons, declare manufacturers, won't turn yellow in sunlight, in washing or in dry cleaning. That in itself, is a triumph for rayon, for in 1926, a Maryland Association of Cleaners and Dyers was still warning its members that a certain brand of "rayon silk" became hard and brittle when cleaned, that members dyed it at their own risk. Rayon producers point out that their product is easy to wash, resists abrasion.

Furthermore, rayon manufacturers are not abashed at comparing their product with silk. Rayon manufacture is scientifically controlled all the way. Man can therefore regulate filaments, make them extremely fine (one-third that of silk for sheers) can make them dull or lustrous.

In 1935, 800,000,000 yards of rayon went into all woven fabrics, into transparent velvet, rough crêpes, sheers, satin back and other crêpes. It went into braids and trimmings such as artificial straw for millinery, and into women's apparel chiefly.

Esquire—Rayon producers' attention of late has also turned to men. With rayon a man now can clothe himself in shorts, undershirt and socks, in a rayon worsted suit, tie, handkerchief, shirt, sandals, cap. He can drive to work on an automobile-seat-cover of rayon and be warmed by artificial wool made of rayon. He could have decorated his Christmas tree with rayon streamers, and when summer comes, he can swim in a rayon bathing-suit or loll on the beach in a rayon robe. A man is likely to find his suit is lined with rayon, for 90 per cent. of all suits are thus lined, and manufacturers have now begun in earnest to develop rayon suits for men.

New uses for rayon, such as these men's suitings, don't just happen. They are ferreted out. And ferreting out new uses for rayon is almost as vital a part of the business as producing the fiber. On research last year the du Pont Rayon Co. spent almost $6,000,000. The Celanese Corporation in 1935 spent $600,000.

For that reason, no observer can predict what is liable to plop from the rayon researchers' laboratories. Patents sought by the rayon industry have given Patent Office clerks writers' cramp. Now searchers for rayon refinements are likely not to bother about seeking patents. They will seek rather to keep their findings secret, for patents don't always protect.

Opportunity?—A reader noting the bustling condition of the industry and noting also that manufacturers have a market for all the rayon they can sell and more, would be justified in observing that rayon is an excellent business to get into, and asking why new producers don't come running and mushroom production overnight.

The answer is that rayon manufacture requires substantial capital, say $2,000,000 as a minimum. So the industry boasts a relatively modest number of producers, sixteen in all.

Of these sixteen, the Viscose Co., organized in 1910 and oldest in the field, is largest. Its 95,000,000 pounds production of yarn in 1935 doubled the 47,500,000 pounds of its nearest competitor, du Pont.

The Viscose Company is proud of its President, Samuel A. Salvage, a sort of Nestor to the rayon industry. Two years ago, a rayon trade paper boasted that it had obtained the first intimate biography of "the father of the American Rayon Industry."

That intimate biography revealed Mr. Salvage's birthplace (London), the fact that he chose to come to America rather than matriculate in an English university, that in America he started out in the yarn business. Nothing more.

More important than Mr. Salvage's biographical taciturnity is the fact that Viscose is not only the largest producer in America but is the property of the English Courtaulds' Ltd., world's largest producer of rayon and owner of substantial rayon plants in Germany, France and Canada.

Third in output (35,000,000 pounds annually), but probably most widely known among consumers, is the Celanese Corporation of America. It is probably best known to consumers because the company's founders had the shrewdness to invent for their fiber a name which has become as well-known in rayon as Kodak is in cameras.

Nesmith

Hygienic Phone Service once a week

The company has always insisted that its Celanese is not rayon.

Clean—To the rest of the trade, however, rayon is the generic term, and Celanese is the Celanese Corporation's trade name for an acetate process discovered by the Dreyfus brothers, Henri and Camille. Once the acetate process was exclusive with the Celanese Corp., but other producers have now taken it up. Most rayon (about 80 per cent.) is still made by the viscose process, however. Such an impartial observer as the du Pont Rayon Co., which manufactures rayon by both acetate and viscose processes, declares in a bulletin that rayon yarns of the acetate type are more immune to stains from perspiration, grease, ink, fruit-juices; that they absorb less moisture and have superior draping qualities.

The Celanese President, Camille Dreyfus (brother Henri cares for interests in London) came to America after developing his acetate rayon in England, and in 1925 began producing Celanese.

Loud and raucous were his early wrangles with the rest of the trade over the qualities of rayon and Celanese. Dreyfus shrewdly priced his Celanese higher than other rayon, aimed at the quality consumer, insisted that Celanese alone was made by the acetate process and that it was absurd to consider it rayon.

Camille's row with other rayon producers is now almost forgotten. One thing about Camille the trade will never forget, however, and that is his showmanship. He wears all the Celanese products he can put on his back, on his legs, on his head. He has outfitted the boudoir of his wife (Jean Tennyson Dreyfus, former Earl Carroll *prima donna*) with all-Celanese trimmings.

Nor is that all. On his desk is a red telephone fashioned from cellulose acetate, raw material for Celanese. Camille likes to proffer the instrument to callers, insists that it feels better against the ear than the ordinary kind.

GERMLESS PHONES: "Hygienic's" Young Ladies, in Uniform, Swab Away Microbes

Once every week, the young person in belted blue and silver, her overseas cap jauntily acockbill, says smilingly:

"Good morning. Hygienic Phone Service."

And proceeds with swab and antiseptic to make your telephone inhospitable to bacteria for the next eight days. Presumably, the menace of nearly fifty germ types, from tuberculosis to barber's itch, is thus removed from as much of your daily occupation as requires the telephone's use.

For this you pay a weekly 25 cents or less per phone to Hygienic Phone Service of New York, Inc. The company began operations last July and recently has been doubling its business monthly, with customers who have from two to 3,000 phones apiece. A similarly named corporation is operating in Boston. In preparation by a parent Hygienic Service concern is early extension of the system to twelve other American cities. Introduction of stock to investors may follow.

Telephone sterilization service is by no means new. It has never prospered greatly in the United States, largely because American telephone companies insist that their receivers do not harbor germs and spread disease, do not require frequent disinfecting. Moreover, the companies frown heavily upon most disinfectants because they injure the delicate parts of telephone instruments.

Abroad, however, such rendered service has gained steadily in popularity since its introduction to London more than twenty years ago. In British, Continental and Canadian cities, there is large employment of uniformed girls to serve a considerable percentage of the telephones and dictaphones now in use.

What Hygienic stresses chiefly is its exclusive right to import and use Telene, the secret, Glasgow-made antiseptic solution with which British phones are regularly disinfected. Said to be non-corrosive, non-poisonous, yet twenty times more potent than carbolic acid, Telene is presumed not only to destroy germs present in telephone-receivers, but to prevent their redevelopment there for a week and longer after its application. Therefore, says Hygienic Service, its weekly swabbings will mean perpetual freedom from bacteria, and its trim girl swabbers will soon feature the business centers of American cities.

But telephone company officials continue to smile skeptically. There are, they say, no bacteria in telephones that need to be swabbed.

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

they are any worse than men; however, this does seem to be a misuse of statistics, or rather, all the facts of the case are not given.

It would be interesting to know what percentage of highway drivers are women. I am not a statistician, but my guess would be that this percentage would just about correspond to the percentage of accidents involving women.

Birmingham, Alabama. HENRY B. RUST.

The Automobile Manufacturers Association figures are: 24.3 per cent. of drivers in the United States are women. Unascertainable variable is average mileage of men drivers and women drivers. Bus, truck and taxi-drivers, mostly men, pile up huge mileages each year. —*Editor.*

Year-End Sports

Sir:—Your issue of December 12 gives a nice send-off to Santa Clara's (California) football power with its small enrolment of 500. We feel sure, down Frontier Centennial way, that you will not overlook expression of your well-known unbiased opinion to the effect that Texas Christian, too, a small school of around 600 enrolment with its full quota of coeducational classes, put it all over Santa Clara's football power on December 12, to the tune of 9-0. This in their own bailiwick at San Francisco. Santa Clara simply couldn't get anywhere against the smart playing of the Christians, the educated toe and good right arm of Sammy Baugh.

Fort Worth, Texas. C. D. REIMERS.

Nor will Texan Reimers forget that the same educated toe and good right arm helped Texas Christian, twice beaten (Texas Tech, Texas A. & M.), twice tied (Mississippi State, Southern Methodist), upset once—beaten (Duquesne) Marquette, 16 to 6, in Dallas' Cotton Bowl game on New Year's day. The same afternoon, in New Orleans' Sugar Bowl, Santa Clara achieved what most experts thought an even more creditable feat by toppling the undefeated Louisiana State Tigers, 21 to 14.—*Editor.*

Sir:—Being a Tennesseean and a fan of the athletic teams of the State school, I hope to see a correction of your statement in the December 12 issue that Kentucky is the official basketball champion of the Southeastern Conference.

Tennesseeans won that honor in the Southeastern tournament held in Knoxville at the close of the past season and, as champions, play Arkansas in a feature game of the Sugar Bowl activities at New Orleans.

Another erroneous statement: That Santa Clara wound up its season unbeaten. At that time, its season was finished and, since then, it has been "taken to town" by Texas Christian and "Slingin' Sam Baugh."

Oakdale, Tennessee. THOMAS MORRIS.

Sorry, no correction forthcoming. According to A. F. Rupp of the University of Kentucky, writing in Spalding's Official Basketball Guide, 1936-'37, Kentucky finished in first place with a percentage of .750. Tennessee finished in third place; percentage, .667.

Tennessee won the annual tournament, but that doesn't make it Conference champion.

As for Santa Clara, when the story in THE LITERARY DIGEST was written, Santa Clara had finished its regular season unbeaten. Post-season games do not affect the regular season records.—*Editor.*

Strike!

Sir:—Just a few words in regard to strikes: There are three parties directly interested and affected by strikes. They are the striker, the employer and the public. All three are heavy losers while the fight is on.

The laborer loses wages; the employer loses markets and overhead expenses; the public loses all along the line. It would be just as fair for *Jones* and *Smith*, when they have a dispute, to take opposite sides of the street and "shoot it out" without regard to who gets hit.

Why not have a Federal compulsory arbitration law to take care of these controversies? Each party might choose two members, and the four so chosen might select a fifth one. These five arbitrators could hear the evidence in the case and render a just verdict.

We settle other controversies by court decision. Why not this one?

J. S. HOUSTON.

Huntington Park, California.

Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady has been on the scene of almost all recent strikes trying to promote arbitration.

Example: Four weeks before the present Atlantic Coast Seamen's Strike was called, McGrady, Admiral Harry G. Hamlet (sent by the United States Maritime Commission), Tom Plant, ship-owner, and Harry Bridges, strike leader, began conferences in an effort to avert the strike. The conferences are still going on. So is the strike.—*Editor.*

Did You Know—

That three out of every four persons who die of lobar pneumonia probably could be saved by serum? (See page 17.)

That since the Russian Revolution 25,000,000 youths have been taught that there is no God? (See page 20.)

That at one of the current season's débutante parties champagne flowed in the ditches of a synthetic orange-grove? (See page 21.)

That insomnia can make some sleepless sufferers famous? (See page 27.)

That only Norwegians call skis "sheez"? (See page 34.)

That Joan Crawford is both an acrophobe and a nyctophobe? (See page 18.)

That most of us are guilty of "grasshopper thinking"? (See page 25.)

Tipping

Sir:—I think your article on tipping inane. I doubt very much if any young lady travels with sixteen pieces of hand luggage, tips a red cap ten cents per piece, or $1.60, to reach a taxicab. Furthermore, I don't believe a taxicab takes sixteen pieces of hand luggage and, if it did, the driver would certainly expect more than ten cents in going to a hotel. Also, I doubt if it would be customary to tip ten cents or $1.60 to get the bellhops to bring sixteen pieces of luggage to the room.

Tipping is certainly an evil of traveling, and no one knows it better than the writer—but why make the article ridiculous?

Bronxville, New York. W. A. TICE.

While the sixteen pieces of luggage was intended as a humorous exaggeration based on the exuberant cover, Mr. Tice might count the pieces of luggage leaving Sarah Lawrence College in his Bronxville. Sixteen seems no exaggeration of the possessions of those young ladies (and pretty young ladies they are). A New York taxi-driver, interviewed on the feasibility of getting sixteen pieces of luggage into his cab, commented: "It's a cinch." For as short a ride as indicated, where the driver does not assist materially with the luggage, a ten-cent tip is sufficient.

Our statement that ten cents a bag is the proper fee for porters was printed on the advice of an executive of a large travel agency. Mrs. Emily Post ("Etiquette," by Emily Post; Funk & Wagnalls, $4), however, tells us that twenty cents a porter (or $1) would have been quite enough.—*Editor.*

Neutrality

Sir:—During the War Between the States, the British Government favored the Southern Confederacy. And as sympathy without relief is like mustard minus the "hot-dog," the English sent over the *Alabama* to do damage to the Yankees.

Having backed the wrong horse, the English, on termination of hostilities, received financial claims from the United States for damages "resultant from unwarranted and impudent piracy." The English Prime Minister, W. E. Gladstone, after two arbitration findings (1874-'75 and 1882-'85) advised his Government to pay $16,148,830 in settlement.

To-day, at a most critical time in world history, the United States licenses a shipment, valued at $2,777,000, of second-hand planes, engines and parts to Bilbao, Spain. Chances are this consignment will cause greater damage than did the *Alabama*.

Shipping laws covering war supplies of any kind should be made water-tight.

Glendale, California. C. A. SCHWEITZER.

Last week, the House of Representatives broke a traditional rule and made provision for organization of its Foreign Affairs Committee to devise a stop-gap in the present neutrality laws to cover civil wars in foreign countries.—*Editor.*

The Cemetery Vote

Sir:—In the December 26 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, I find this question:

"20. Can a dead person legally vote in an election?"

On another page, under the heading "The Correct Answers," I find this:

"20. Yes, if he mails an absentee ballot, then dies before Election day."

What election, and where? Does the interrogator mean any old election? If he has reference to Wisconsin his answer is 100 per cent. wrong. The Wisconsin Statutes (sections 11.54 to 11.67) make it very plain that no ballot can be received from a deceased voter, even tho he died in the polling place on his way from the booth where he marked his ballot to the ballot box.

Madison, Wisconsin. EUGENE E. BROSSARD.

Questions and answers in the "Radio Question Box" were taken from actual radio question-bee programs. They are not original with the THE LITERARY DIGEST. However, this answer is correct for the State of Ohio, for example, where absentee ballots made out before Election day are accepted.—*Editor.*

"OLAF'S TURNED PROFESSIONAL!"
—By I. Wolfe, Courtesy of Boy's Life, published by the Boy Scouts of America.

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WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Amlie—Representative (Prog.) from Wisconsin — he says, *a* as in *damn;* but *lie* is *lee: am'lee.*

Connally—Senator (D.) from Texas —stress *con: con'ally.*

DeMuth—Representative (D.) from Pennsylvania—rimes with *the truth.*

Izac — Representative (D.) from California—he calls it *ee-zack'.*

Jenckes—Representative (D.) from Indiana—she gives it as *jenks.*

McKeough — Representative (D.) from Illinois—as if spelled *mack-ee'oh.*

Michener—Representative (R.) from Michigan—rimes with *Kitchener.*

Pfeifer—Representative (D.) from New York—as if spelled *fifer.*

Sirovich—Representative (D.) from New York—as if spelled *seer'o-vitch.*

Teigan — Representative (Farm.-Lab.) from Minnesota—change *r* of *tiger* to *n.*

Wearin—Representative (D.) from Iowa—*wear* or *ware* plus *in: wear'in.*

Off-Side

Abuse—In Italy a party of boys buried four kittens alive, leaving out their heads, at which they threw stones. When this was reported to their teacher, he replied that he was not surprized, as they threw stones at him, too.

* * *

Photograph—A Paris widow never had a picture of her late husband. Some years ago he was arrested for murder, so recently she wrote the public prosecutor for the picture in the rogues' gallery.

* * *

Violets—Supposed to bloom only in the spring, violets began budding after the New Year at Poughkeepsie, New York, according to Fred Storm. Furthermore, they were blue, and a grass snake wriggled through his back yard. Or was this a hangover?

* * *

Cemetery—A cemetery without a tombstone is to be established at Warlingham, Surrey. All memorials on the thirty-two acres are to be restricted to small bronze tablets, set flush with the turf.

* * *

Meal — Gust Christian, six feet three, weighing 203 pounds, ate four and a half pounds of fried pork-liver as a starter in a recent guzzling contest. His other portions consisted of two pork-chops, two bowls of soup, a can of corn, several helpings of potatoes, six cookies and nine large slices of bread. Nine cups of coffee washed it all down.

* * *

Teeth—A Newark, New Jersey, citizen, filed suit against the Public Service Electric & Gas Company as a result of a recent power failure. During the darkness, he dropped his upper teeth, his daughter stepped on them, ruined them.

The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Open-Handed.—First Caddie: "What's your man like, Skeeter?"

Second Caddie: "Left-handed, and keeps his change in his right-hand pocket."—*Montreal Star.*

Precedent.—Diner: "I see that tips are forbidden here."

Waitress: "Lor' bless yer, mum, so was the apples in the Garden of Eden."—*Humorist (London).*

Whoa!—Customer: "Are these eggs strictly fresh?"

Grocer (to his clerk): "Feel those eggs, George, and see if they're cool enough to sell yet."—*Annapolis Log.*

Confidence.—Clerk: "Could you raise my salary next week, sir?"

Boss: "Well, I've managed to do it for the past three years, so I think it'll be possible next week."—*Hartford Courant.*

Nosey.—"Who is that letter from?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"There you are! What do I want to know for? You're the most inquisitive person I ever met!"—*Omaha World Herald.*

No Chances.—Cowboy: "My podner and I are taking a trip through the desert next week. He's taking along a gallon of whisky for rattlesnake bites."

Visitor: "What are you taking along?"

Cowboy: "Two rattlesnakes."—*West Virginia Mountaineer.*

Caution.—A Yankee was on a Christmas walking-tour in Scotland. Snow had fallen and he was struggling along a narrow road when he met a Highlander.

"I guess, friend, I sure am lost!" he said, plaintively.

Scot: "Is there a reward oot for ye?"

American: "Nope."

Scot: "Weel, ye're still lost."—*Cork (Ireland) Examiner.*

Reward.—A kind-hearted English Vicar one day observed an old woman laboriously pushing a perambulator up a steep hill. He volunteered his assistance and when they reached the top of the hill, said, in answer to her thanks:

"Oh, it's nothing at all. I'm delighted to do it. But as a little reward, may I kiss the baby?"

"Baby? Lor' bless you, sir, it ain't no baby, it's the old man's beer."—*Troy Times Record.*

Time and Overtime. — Baldheaded Gent: "You ought to cut my hair cheaper, there's so little of it."

Barber: "Oh, no. In your case we don't charge for cutting the hair, we charge for having to search for it."—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Simple.—A traveling salesman, detained in a certain village overnight, was introduced in the town's hotel to a crazy little billiard-table and a set of balls of a uniform, dirty-gray color.

"But how do you tell the red from the white?" he asked.

"Oh," replied the landlord, "you soon get to know them by their shape."—*Firefax (Newark, N. J.)*

That's Art!—Son: "Daddy dear, what is an actor?"

Daddy: "An actor? My son, an actor is a man who can walk to the side of a stage, peer into the wings filled with theatrical props, dirt and dust, other actors, stage-hands, old clothes and other claptrap, and say: 'What a lovely view there is from this window.'"—*Sheboygan (Wis.) Press.*

Social Security—A lawyer hunted up Mike atop a partly finished construction job.

"What do you want?" yelled Mike from the roof.

"Come on down. Your uncle has died and left you $25,000."

A long silence above was broken by a wild commotion.

"What's keeping you?" yelled the lawyer, staring up. Tho he could see nothing, he heard plenty.

"Give me one more minute to finish this foreman," came Mike's reply. —*The Daily Worker (New York).*

Flash in the Pan—"What's the row over at the carnival?"

"A fake dentist sold the fire-eater a set of celluloid teeth."—*Boys' Life.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Bids for 500 feet of new fire horse for the city fire department will be considered by city commissioners meeting in special session at 7:30 this evening.—*Duncan (Okla.) paper.*

That should stand them in good steed.

Concert by the choir assisted by Mrs. C——— B——— playing violin solo, "Odoration," by Borowski will introduce the "Groupers."—*Newton (Iowa) paper.*

We've heard that the selection has high rank.

Liquor stores in most instances are open seventy-two hours a week with employees working in two overlapping shirts, he asserted.—*Philadelphia paper.*

That *is* overdoing it, all right.

Lost—Dark gray black tiger, valued as pet. *Boston paper.*

Finder's keepers.

Mrs. C——— has appeared as a danger at the cabaret for three years.—*Atlanta (Ga.) paper.*

Now she's entirely revamped.

It is a lovely fur tree sixty feet high growing in Baldwin Park close to Prospect Street.—*Bristol (Conn.) paper.*

Maybe a dogwood.

ACTOR IN 104 PARTS
TO TAKE VACATION
—*Houston (Tex.) paper.*

Going away to pull himself together.

HAMILTON OFFERS NO
DEFENSE FOR DEFEAT;
IS ATTACKED BY FISH
—*Buffalo (N. Y.) paper.*

Eel learn with a distinct shark that he shad have changed his tuna.

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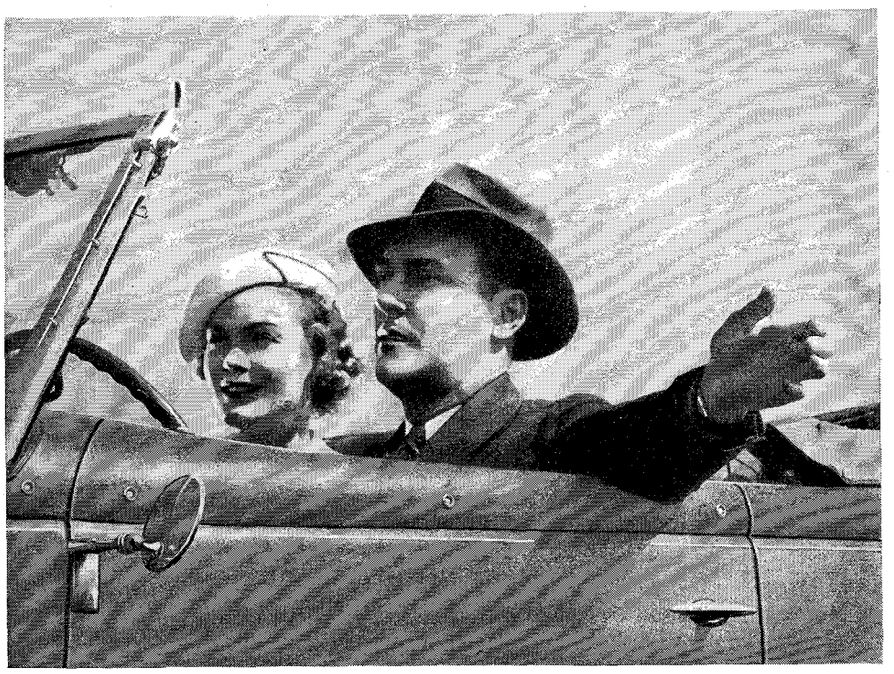
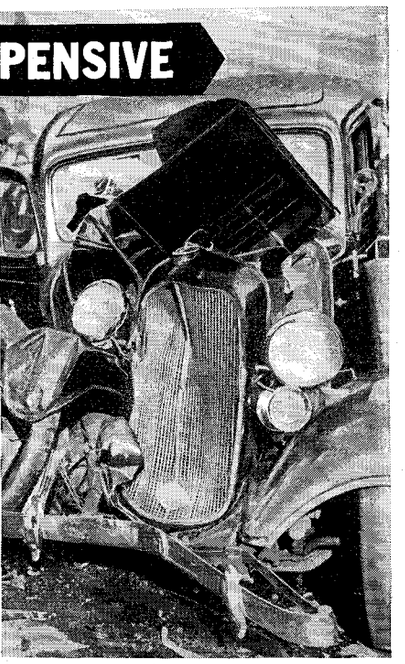
NO WONDER SOME CAR INSURANCE IS EXPENSIVE





(Above) This is what happens to reckless drivers. Liberty Mutual saves money by refusing to insure reckless drivers.

(Left) This is the careful type of driver insured by Liberty Mutual. Careful drivers have few accidents. That's why Liberty Mutual can sell car insurance at lower cost.

How Careful Drivers can get

CAR INSURANCE AT LOWER COST

RECKLESS DRIVERS should pay more for car insurance. Their accidents are frequent, and losses to the insurance company are heavy.

But for careful drivers it's a different story. Because they have fewer accidents and fewer losses, they are entitled to get car insurance at lower cost. That's the reason we insure careful drivers only.

YOU PROFIT IN 7 WAYS

1. You do not have to help pay for costly accidents caused by dangerous, reckless drivers.

2. By dealing direct with Liberty Mutual you avoid paying high selling costs.

3. Savings from insuring careful drivers and dealing directly with policyholders are returned to you in cash dividends, which have amounted to 20% of premiums every year since 1912.

MONEY-SAVING PLAN —simple as A. B. C.

A. We insure careful drivers only

B. Careful drivers have fewer accidents

C. Fewer accidents mean fewer losses to pay—hence your insurance costs less

4. You secure unquestionable protection. Assets—$43,214,946; Liabilities—$34,311,680; Surplus funds, including investment and contingency reserves—$8,903,266. (June 30, 1936.)

5. Liberty Mutual service from coast to coast is as close as your telephone.

6. Claims are settled fairly and promptly. You are fully protected against fraudulent or exaggerated claims.

7. You may use our convenient, low-cost Deferred Payment Plan.

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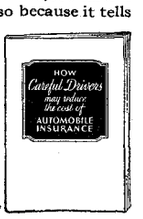
Mail the coupon below today for this new and important 20-page illustrated booklet which explains the Liberty Mutual Plan. This booklet should be read not only because it shows how 140,000 careful drivers are saving money, but also because it tells how these people are helping to prevent accidents. With your copy we will send an estimate of the saving you may make by insuring your car with Liberty Mutual and details of our convenient Deferred Payment Plan. You are cordially invited to clip and mail the coupon now —no obligation.



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Body Type.....Model No.....Year.....

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